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WASHINGTON.

BRUTAL MURDER OF MRS. CATHARINE TAYLOR, TROY, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1889.

VOLUME LIII.—No. 60.
Price Ten Cents.



"DON'T TAKE MY CHILD."

SENSATIONAL COURT SCENE IN THE KENNEDY DIVORCE SUIT AT SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1889.

IMPORTANT!

Energetic young men in towns and villages where the POLICE GAZETTE is not being sold, and where there is no regular newsdealer, can add to their income by selling the GAZETTE and our

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our million and more readers were presented last week with a page illustration giving a panorama of recent sporting events. It was a feature worthy of such a great paper as the POLICE GAZETTE.

WITH this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we resume "June's" interesting contributions on baseball matters, the publication of which was temporarily suspended at the close of the ball season last fall. "June's" spicy notes will continue to form an attractive feature of the GAZETTE hereafter, and our readers will be kept posted from week to week on all matters pertaining to the diamond field that an entertaining writer finds worth discussing.

THE leading newspapers of Iowa, where the prohibition laws are in force, are calling upon the State to reimburse the brewers for their property confiscated under the prohibitory laws. The Des Moines, Ia., *Leader* calls the action of the State in taking away property from private citizens without compensating them for the same, downright robbery, and urges the Democracy of the State to "prepare itself to give vigorous battle against the whole iniquitous system of prohibition." This is decidedly sensible.

M. O'CONNOR, Otto Jackson and forty others write the POLICE GAZETTE from Fifeield, Neb., regarding the alleged dives in Minnesota and Wisconsin, which Doctress Kate Bushnell claims to have investigated. They emphatically assert that no such dives exist. Mr. O'Connor states that he has been employed in the Wisconsin pineries for twenty years, but has never come in contact with any such places as are described by Mrs. Bushnell. He calls Mrs. Bushnell a crank, and closes with the remark: "May you continue to succeed in sending to the people at large such a fearless and live paper as the POLICE GAZETTE."

THERE is a notion prevalent among a large class of people that the publication of criminal doings has a deleterious effect on the morals of the masses. Some even go so far as to claim that this class of news stimulates crime—in other words, that the desire, or rather thirst, for notoriety—actuates many to become criminals. The POLICE GAZETTE has, very naturally, always stoutly contended that this view of the subject was entirely erroneous, and it is glad to see that other prominent journals throughout the country treat the matter from the same standpoint. The following extract is from a very sensible editorial on "Crimes and Criminal Courts" lately published by the Des Moines, Ia., *Leader*:

Does the publication of reports of criminal trials, and of crimes committed, tend to increase crime? Some worthy people believe it does. But we think they are mistaken in this view. The percentage of crime in this country at this time by native-born persons is no greater than it was fifty years ago. But there are many imported criminals now; there were few here half a century since. The population is very much greater.

The theory that the punishment of crime largely deters the commission of crime is by no means found to be erroneous. We cannot doubt that it holds good, and if there were no publication of criminal trials and no announcement of the sentences and punishment of criminals, many more would be committed. Men do not commit murders or burglary because others have been arrested, punished or hanged for those crimes. The publication tells them of the certainty of arrest; it warns young men to keep out of bad company and to avoid strong drink, under the influence of which crimes are often committed. It informs the public of the character and motives of the criminals. It affords information to legislators who make laws to protect society. It teaches the people in a matter of the greatest importance to them—namely, the dangers that lurk in society. Most people desire to know the character and the varying phases of character of the dangerous persons who, to a greater or less degree, infect every city and township. The advantages of a knowledge of these characters are as great as a knowledge of the character of contagious and infectious diseases. Communities should understand the nature of dangers that surround them.

MASKS AND FACES

Henry Lee's Disguises---A Chat
With Ed Mayo.

IDA MULLE'S IDEAS.

Gaiety Girls in New
York.

"A MIDNIGHT BELL"

Cottrelly's Pink Rose--Is Nat
a Success?

STAGE SCANDAL.

Mr. Henry Lee played a game of hide-and-seek with the public during the past week at Palmer's. He used "The Cavalier," a five-act melodrama, as a means to play this game.

He appeared, first of all, as *M. de La Morliere*, a defender of virtue, a fighter of vice, a daredevil adventurer. Imprisoned in the Bastille, he assumed various disguises to get out.

Mr. Lee was successively a waiter, a peasant, a money lender, a street singer, an ambassador. The old play by D'Ennery afforded Mr. Lee many opportunities.



There were duels, intrigues, escapes, plots, conspiracies, a supper scene, a dance, in the play.

Mr. Horace Vinton made a handsome and impressive *Regent*, ever with an eye to a fine lady love, ever with good-natured generosity to a brave enemy.

Mr. Franz Reipan, in spite of his accent, played the part of *Clermont*, the favorite of the *Regent*, with telling power.

Miss Minnie Seligman, who impersonated *Eglantine*, the young lady whose virtue and innocence are defended by *La Morliere*, read her lines beautifully and carried her head too much to one side.

Miss Seligman has one of the best stage walks I know, and bears herself with excellent grace, but she puts too little expression into her face in emotional scenes.

Miss Dora Goldthwaite, as the much-abused *Louise de Souville*, presented a handsome face and good acting to the audience.

Butler dresses were a bit queer, did not set her fine form off to advantage.

The courtiers—Whiffen, Dubois, Craven, Corbett, Clarke, Ireton, Taylor—stood around and displayed well-padded calves.

The Madison Square pupils, who acted as supes, did some artistic howling.

Altogether, "The Cavalier" was well staged and well acted.

But Sneerwell, as I passed out, remarked that the play was almost as long as the hero's nose.

Sneerwell doesn't count, however.

"Reporters make queer blunders sometimes," said Edwin F. Mayo to me last week, over a rarebit and a toby. "I remember a fellow came to me in Providence, R. I., sometime ago, and interviewed me as to what I had done. Among other things, I told him I had played *Norfolk* and *Richmond* in 'Richard III.' My interviewer must have been a sporting or a baseball reporter. I certainly didn't think he was up in theatricals. Do you blame me? I read in his article the next day that 'Mr.



Mayo, though a young man, had made hits in *Richmond* and in *Norfolk*. Va. (!)"

The life and gaiety in "Drifting Apart," an extremely blubbery drama, played by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Hearne and company at Rosenquest's Fourteenth Street Theatre last week, were supplied by Walter Perkins and Ida Mülle.

The little woman took the part of a stage-struck girl, and played it for all it was worth.

Without Ida Mülle in the piece I should have felt that I was at a funeral.

Nellie McHenry, in a similar role, is caricature beside her.

Annie Pixley, in a like part, recently produced, is amateurish.

Ida Mülle is better equipped to star than nine-tenths of the soubrettes who now float around the land.

Ida Mülle has ideas, and puts them into practice.

I saw one man in a box asleep during the performance.

That may be explained, however, by this anecdote, which Frank Saltus told Post McCann last week.

Old man Dumas had a friend, Ambroise Allard, who wrote a play and paid to have it produced at the Ambigu, in Paris. On the night of the performance Dumas and Allard sat side by side, awaiting results.

At the end of the first act Dumas spied a man asleep in one of the stalls. "Allard, my poor fellow," he whispered to his friend. "I'm afraid your play is

damned. There's a man asleep!" The play made a fiasco and was taken off, and one of Dumas' dramas was put on. Again Dumas and Allard sat together, anxious for the success of the performance. Suddenly Allard, who had been looking at the house through his glasses, touched his companion on the arm and said, low, but with an exultant chuckle: "Dumas, look at that! There's a man asleep. Last night you laughed at me. To-night is my turn." Dumas turned in the direction designated by his friend. Then he said, with admirable presence of mind: "Yes, there's a man asleep during my play. I grant you that. But look at him again. It's the same man! Your comedy put him to sleep last night, and he sleeps so soundly that my melodrama, up to this time, has not been able to wake him up!"

There have been some rumors of theatrical scandals in the air of late.

Mr. Hank Paddock and Miss Maggie Mitchell, after living together as husband and wife for twenty years, speak of separating.

I hope it will prove much ado about nothing.

Mr. Dan Emerson, banjo player, and Miss Grace Hilton, his wife, are also said to be on the outs.

Miss Hilton says she didn't like the *billets dous* that Mr. Emerson, in his capacity as banjo teacher, received from lady pupils.

The notes published look innocent enough.

Here they are: "It will be impossible to take a lesson unless you come up to my

house." Another, from a married woman, was: "DEAR MR. EMERSON—I learned to-day that I will be unable to take a lesson this evening. * * * If you can make it convenient to run up to-morrow evening (Friday) you will confer a great favor.

P. S.—Trust you will find time, as I can then tell you how I shall be fixed for time on Saturday afternoon. Please let me know."

These notes seem innocent enough, but you know what Shakespeare says about "trifles light as air" and so forth.

I'd quote in full, but that I'm afraid to hear your chestnut bell or feel your bootjack.

Walking along Broadway of a fine afternoon, I occasionally meet some of the London Gaiety girls on the fashionable thoroughfare.

Nell Langton is a big girl. She takes the part of an officer in the play. She is said to have a great deal of understanding.

Bob Acres is an odd name for a girl, but it belongs to that large, shrewy blonde with the large eyes, a typical music hall and burlesque fairy.

May Summerville, hurrying along, is small, plump and dark-eyed.

Then there's slight and pretty Lily McIntyre, blonde and saucy Lily Fayre, Mand Hillyer, a meddler blonde, and Kate Connaught, big and stout.

Maud McIntyre, a dark daisy, is a typical lassie.

Haidee Moore, a niece of Nellie Farren's, is stout and dark-eyed.

These, and more, I see from time to time on the street.

They do not dress as well as the girls at the Casino, but they don't seem to be as worn.

And that reminds me that I saw the Winner sisters, petite and pert, promenading the other afternoon giving the boys a treat.

Sneerwell, that irrepressible cynic, remarked as we looked at the girls that the duty on rouge must have been lowered under the new administration.

"The girls on Broadway," said he, "seem to blush more than they have in years."

Edward Fales Coward, who can't act, can write. Here are some of his verses on the audiences who pretended to understand Coquelin and Hadink.

At Palmer's Theatre, where the great French actors nightly hold their sway, Society turns out in force And fills the seats in bright array.

"Tis such a treat," they all exclaim, "To hear pure French, the increased fee We gladly pay to hear that tongue Spoke as she spoke in gay France."

And yet 'tis strange, though each one there Pretends to understand it all, Laughs will creep in where tears should flow And mirth's oft covered with a pall.

Eyes, too, look down—in modesty? Not so—a sound of turning leaves Gives 'way the snap, they're reading from Libretto, hidden up their sleeves.

"Now that Cottrelly is playing in town again," said Carl Hanser, of Puck, to me last week, "I am reminded of an anecdote about her. Some years ago, when the talented comedienne was playing at the Germania, then where Tony Pastor's is now, the company announced a benefit for one of their number. His name was Wolkenstein, I believe. One day at the rehearsal for the benefit Cottrelly received an offensive mash note, asking for an interview and a sign of favor. Cottrelly was at first inclined to treat this note as she treated all others. She was going to pitch it away. Then she thought better of it. She answered the sighing swain, asked him to buy a box and wear a pink rose to identify himself. If she thought well of his suit she would wear a pink rose also. The night of the performance came. There, in the right-hand box, sat the swell, all alone in his glory, and in the lapel of his coat was a pink rose. When the curtain rose, the first performer who came on had a pink rose. The second had a pink rose. The third had a pink rose. The fourth had a pink rose. Cottrelly tripped on, and she had a pink rose. All the performers played at the enamored swell. All alluded to the pink rose. All nodded, smiled and beckoned to the masquer. They gazed him so unmercifully, in fact, that he left at the end of the first act and didn't come back. 'At any rate,' said Cottrelly, laughingly, 'I was the cause that that box was sold, that Wolkenstein was in \$12 more, and that we had a lot of fun.'"

Mr. Charles Hoyt rang the "Midnight Bell" at the Bijou last week, and big crowds answered the clanging summons.

He announced a moving picture of New England life and he fulfilled his promise.

There is a minister, a deacon, a squire, a bad boy, a schoolmarin, a village gossip, a lawyer, a hoydenish girl, a bank cashier, a lot of school children in this four-act piece, and they all play their parts well.

The plot is simple. It's all about a bank cashier who robs his bank, and a good man who is accused of the theft. It is the ringing of the "Midnight Bell" that brings the guilty man to justice.

The bell, by the way, didn't ring quite long enough on the first night, I think.

The villagers assembled too quickly, all dressed and ready for action.

It wasn't natural, and an otherwise excellent dramatic climax was spoiled.

Eugene Canfield, as the bad boy, twisted his mouth and his legs in a marvelous way.

Tom Seabrooke invested the character of the deacon with much demure comicality.

The slide, the school house scene, the sewing party, the choir rehearsal in the gallery, were much applauded.

Maud Adams, as the minister's tomboy sister, proved a most promising soubrette.

Isabelle Coe is gifted with a beautiful speaking voice, but she uses it in a most mechanical manner.

Canfield sang a song, "When Pop was a Little Boy Like Me," and caught on immensely.

Parquet, balcony and gallery seemed to like the "Midnight Bell," and it is likely to clang away long and profitably.

Last week was a great week for openings here.

Neil Burgess opened in "The County Fair" at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre.

Maud Granger opened in "Two Lives," a melodrama by Tiltonson, at Niblo's.

Ed Harrigan revived "The O'Reagans" at the New Park Theatre.

And Nat Goodwin tried to dispose of a "Gold Mine" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Nat Goodwin is better looking in the play than he is on the street.

He makes up as *Silas Wolcott*, from Grass Valley, California, a gentle man who goes to England to sell his mine to a baronet, and falls in love with the baronet's sister.

Nat Goodwin, of the red hair, pale eyes, freckled skin, general up-all-night appearance, bobs up almost as handsome as Ed Stokes of the Hoffman House.

He has on a frosty wig, a large and wavy black mustache, and makes his eyebrows black and heavy.

It's a wonderful metamorphosis, and the house at first didn't know him.

The action of "A Gold Mine" transpires in one scene the baronet's house, and three acts.

If baronets have no better taste than is displayed in the painting and furniture in this one scene, I'm glad I'm a plebeian.

Jessop and Brander Matthews are the authors of the play.

Jessop is probably responsible for the few dramatic incidents there are in the play, and Brander Matthews probably introduced the jokes, after clipping them from the comic papers.

Goodwin calls this venture a departure from farce and farce comedy.

But, as in his ridiculous impersonation of "Lead Me Five Shillings," the clown too often replaces the gentleman.

Miss Kate Forsyth, who took the part of the baronet's sister, with whom the American of the "Gold Mine" falls in love, played with little delicacy.

That doesn't matter, however.

The dailies tell us she played with ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on her corpulent and elaborately attired person.

Miss Ida Vernon, who essayed the role of a lady who had once played Juliet and kept spouting the lines all the time, was very much of a bore.

Miss Nanette Comstock was pretty as the baronet's daughter.

Mr. Tom Burns made a properly impressive butler.

Mr. E. J. Buckley was a frank, manly and charming member of Parliament for Ireland, with just the slightest brogue in his witty and ready speeches.

All the same the success of "A Gold Mine" is as uncertain as the meaning of the jargon I overheard from a lot of excited musicians at Riccadonna's restaurant last week.

It sounded something like this:

Signor! Traditori! Falso Signore, e mio Stilato Presto Andante e tu cupidior Ah che la morte, amaro allegretto, Mi hunkel dori al fresco amor! Ah, Mi Casinò! Mi infelice amor vermicelli Alabazcon con riello furor, Chiora di lima ah rasbarri jellii!

I met Jimmy Powers the other day. He smiled from ear to ear; seemed in the best of humors.

"What's up?" said I. "You seem happy."

"Good news," said the comedian. "Just heard excellent news."

"What is it? Glad to hear it."

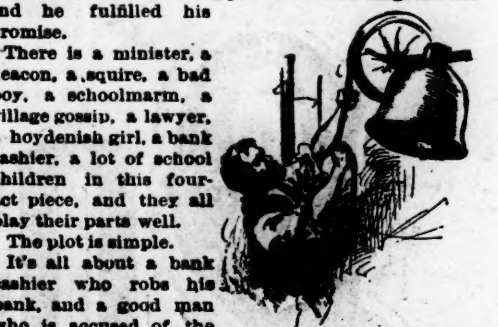
"Why, I just met Lillian Russell at rehearsal," said the comedian, "and she told me that when she dies she'll bequeath me her face."

ROSEN.

JESSIE WEST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jessie West, whose face and figure have been reproduced by our artist elsewhere, is the daughter of Billy West, long a tried and favorite actor in the company of Edward Harrigan. Miss West, besides other triumphs, made a hit in New York recently by her singing and dancing as *Bright Eyes* in the "Twelve Temptations" Company of W. J. Gilmore.



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INAUGURATIONS

OF VARIOUS KINDS.

A Cold-Water Ball and a Hot Bedroom.

INAUGURATING MARRIED LIFE.

Gunpowder at a Discount—Two Female Argonauts—Oregon's Mysterious Huntress.

BELLE STARR'S SUCCESSORS.

Apocryph of the inauguration, they are telling a new and funny story on an eminent local politician who figured among those who enjoyed the festivities in question. This gentleman is a man of large wealth and great patriotism. He was younger than he is, fifty years ago, but still manages to enjoy life very pleasantly on a handsome income, untroubled by family cares, for he is a bachelor, living in a hand-



THE CLUBMAN AT THE INAUGURATION.

some apartment on Fifth avenue, and spending most of his time at his club, which is the Union League.

He enjoys high standing at the club, where he is noted for his liberal contributions of financial stimulus to the party in the past, and for his liberal contributions of alcoholic stimulus to himself in the present. In point of fact, he is said to have reached that stage of life and of indulgence when he cannot be trusted within reach of a bottle with safety to himself, let alone the bottle.

It is of him that the story is told that he once called a waiter to send for a messenger boy, and notify the barkeeper at the Windsor Hotel that he would be there in an hour.

"Why, what do you want to notify him for?" asked a friend.

"So as to have enough stock on hand," replied the veteran. "I feel like drinking this evening."

This veteran went to Washington, like the good Republican that he was, for the inauguration. He put up at John Chamberlain's, and for two days kept up a steady draft on the cellar. By the time inauguration day came around he was properly strung up to the concert pitch required of a man on such eventful occasions, and jolly old John Chamberlain sent him off to the ball in a hack in prime, not to say well-primed, condition.

As he had prepared himself for a brief season of drouth before he went to the ball, he survived the prevailing aridity till supper time. Then he went in to the supper table with a vision of a case or two of well-iced wine dancing before his eyes, and found to his amazement and disgust that there was nothing stronger to be had as a throat wash than tea, coffee and lemonade. It was a total ball, and all strong or stimulating fluids were tabooed.

"All right," said the old clubman cheerfully to the head waiter, "send out for a dozen bottles of Grand Sec, and put them on ice for me."

"Very sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but it can't be done, sir."

"Well, it must be," said the clubman.

"It can't be," said the waiter.

"Then," said the clubman, "send for a coffin and carry me out and bury me."

Aid he deliberately stretched himself out on the floor and refused to be comforted. It required the combined efforts of a score of waiters to lug him to his coach. He swears he will never attend another inauguration ball without a private flask in his inside pocket and a small bottle in each of his boots.

Another New York clubman found the inauguration an even more serious matter than this one did. He had secured the best room a month in advance at a leading hotel at Washington, and went down determined to enjoy the ceremonies in comfort. But alas! Man proposes and somebody else does the disposing.

On the morning of Inauguration Day the proprietor of the hotel called him into council and informed him that he was in a dilemma. There were three young ladies, members of the family of a prominent politician and influential man, who had been sent to him to be taken care of for the day and night of the inauguration ball, and he had no room to put them in.

"If you will let them have your room," said mine host, "you can have mine, and I will sleep on the lounge."

"But why not let them have your room?" asked the guest.

"Because it is just off the main parlor," replied mine host. "There are a lot of men put up on cots there, and it is altogether too public."

The New Yorker was a good-natured fellow, and as it was only for a night and he expected to spend most of the night at the ball himself, he consented. He did his share of dancing and then went off with a party of friends to the Metropolitan Club to get a drink or two. It was well on towards daylight when he returned to the hotel, with the assistance of a hackman,

He had forgotten all about his arrangement with the landlord, and walked upstairs to his own room, unlocked the door with the key which he had not surrendered at the desk, turned up the gas and commenced to disrobe.

He had got down to his shirt, and was about to peel off his unmentionables, when a chorus of ear-piercing shrieks greeted his astonished ears.

"Police! Help! Murder!" screamed three musical voices.

And there, sitting up in his big bed, were three pretty



THE RESULT OF LETTING HIS ROOM TO OTHERS.

girls, whose recently discarded ball dresses littered the floor.

It all flashed on him, and he backed out without stopping to apologize. But he says, upon his word of honor, that he will never, no, never, under the eternal sun, lend his room to man, woman or child again.

Washington is not the only city in the United States where inaugurations have been going on lately. There have been some on the books in New York and elsewhere, too. In Cincinnati, for instance, a middle-aged veteran of the late war, who had married one of the chambermaids in the hotel where he lived, undertook to inaugurate his honeymoon by shooting his wife because he suspected her of being too kind to a Chicago drummer during the wedding feast. But the bride was equal to the occasion. She knocked the revolver out of his hand with the water pitcher and then smashed the pitcher over his head. He begged off and promised to never be jealous again.

"You bet you won't," said the bride, who had captured the revolver. "Go down on your knees."

He obeyed.

"Now beg my pardon."

He did so.

"Now," she continued, "give me all the money you've got."

He got his breeches and cleaned out his pockets, and piled their pecuniary contents up on the washstand.

"That'll do," said the bride. "Now go and get a



HIS BRIDE WENT BACK ON HIM.

room somewhere else, because you can't sleep here."

He begged his hardest, but it was of no avail. The bride turned him out and locked the door, and next day she applied for a divorce. Now the veteran is wandering about Chicago seeking drunk on credit, and the bride is enjoying herself on his pension money—whether with the Chicago drummer or some one else, report does not state.

It doesn't pay a man to be jealous of his wife until he knows what sort of a wife he has to be jealous of.

Another inauguration, which was rather more tragic, occurred in Indiana, the home of President Harrison. This time it was a man who did the inaugurating all by himself.

He was an elderly person, who had grown wealthy in keeping a country store. He was married, and his wife pestered him to celebrate their silver wedding.

"I can't afford it," he said.

"Oh, yes, you can," said she.

"Well, I won't, anyhow," he persisted.

"Then I will," she said.

"All right," he retorted. "Go ahead. But I give you



HE DROPPED A HORN OF GUNPOWDER DOWN THE CHIMNEY.

fair warning, if you waste any of my money I'll make you pay for it."

In spite of this dark threat the wife sent out invitations to all of her friends and got ready for the festive ceremonial. A substantial lay out was pre-

Estimated given on fitting up complete gymnasium. For further particulars write Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York, enclosing two-cent stamp.

pared for the refreshment of the guests, and a couple of kegs of beer ordered down from Indianapolis. The husband viewed all these preparations with grim disapproval.

On the evening of the festival he did not put in an appearance. His wife sent to the store and found it locked up.

"Well, let the old crank go and make a fool of himself if he wants to," she said. "We'll have our fun, anyhow, on our own hook."

After every one had danced till they were tired, they adjourned to the kitchen for supper. The company was seated. A noble log fire was burning on the ample hearth. Doughnuts and hard cider were making the festive round when—

Boum!

In an instant the kitchen was filled with smoke, broken bricks and cinders. And in the middle of the blazing fire the owner of the house squirmed in agony.

He had dropped a horn of gunpowder down the chimney, and not having got out of the road of the explosion quickly enough had been blown up himself and had tumbled down into the fireplace, whence he was only rescued after he had been very badly burnt.

He says that if he lives long enough he will let his wife celebrate their golden wedding any way she likes, and, from present appearances, he means it.

California is not the only State in the West where the fair sex asserts its rights. In Oregon a female hermit has been discovered who certainly deserves a place of honor in the pages of history.

According to report she is a superbly handsome woman of about thirty-five, who for twenty years has lived by herself in the forest, her only companion being an Indian boy. She is a dead shot and has killed



SHE WAS THE FEMALE HERMIT.

more grizzlies than any two men in the State, and her log cabin is packed with priceless peltries.

She dresses like a hunter, in deerskin garments made by herself; rides her pony astride like a man, and when she comes into a settlement to buy ammunition or supplies stands up at the bar and treats the crowd.

No one knows who she is, but she is said to be the daughter of an old settler, brought up by her father in the wilderness from childhood, and since his death continuing to lead the life to which her childhood accustomed her.

If Ned Buntline were only alive now, here would be a heroine for him to make as famous as he once made Buffalo Bill.

The most important inauguration they have had out West for a long time is that of the gold discoveries that are just now tearing California up by the roots. The age of romance never grows old. The scenes and incidents of 49 are being revived in the rush for these new gold fields on the Pacific Coast.

This new El Dorado is situated in Lower California, in a country almost a desert and whose people have scarcely been rescued from primitive barbarism. It is the last country in the world any sane man would wish to seek from choice, and as for women—

Yet there are already women among the adventurers who are flocking to Ensenada.

A government surveyor was riding through one of the most desolate parts of the gold district when he



SCENES AT THE NEW GOLD FIELDS IN CALIFORNIA.

was amazed to hear what were unmistakably women's voices down a gully which was crossed by a turn in the road. Naturally curious to fathom the mystery, he turned his horse aside from the trail and rode down the gully.

A few yards brought him face to face with a pretty picture.

Two young women, attired in the rough garb of prospectors of the male sex, were washing gravel in pans at the side of a pool, into which the little creek that trickled down the gully spread out. Up on the bank, in a clearing cut in the thickets, was a tent and a camp-fire, over which a pot was bubbling. The signs betokened that the camp had existed there for a week or two at least, and the fair gold hunters were burned as brown as berries.

They were dreadfully cut up at being found out, of course, but they did not attempt to back out of their bargain. They belonged in San Diego, they said, and when the news of the gold discovery had reached them had been among the first to follow it up. They had already worked out quite a lot of dust, and were not at all tired of the job.

"When we get enough to buy a ranch," said one, "we'll go back."

The surveyor stopped to supper and then rode on his way. For all that report says to the contrary, the girls are washing gold down in the gully yet.

The great West is, indeed, quite prolific in these successors to the late Belle Starr. There are reports of

them from nearly every section of the country west of the Missouri border.

As a rule, however, there is very little to attract or fascinate a man about these modern Dianas. They are masculine creatures, whose good looks would not bankrupt a beauty show and whose habits and manners are the reverse of attractive.

Consequently, when one of them is found who, like this Oregon mystery, does preserve any of the gentler traits of womanhood with her masculine attributes, it is worth noting.

She is a *rara avis*, a white crow among the flock of black ones, a real jewel in a bushel of paste.

I remember, while I was in Montana some years ago, reading in the local paper a most romantic description of a female hermit who lived in the mountains a few miles away from the mining camp where I was located. She was described as a rarely gifted and divinely beautiful creature and my curiosity was aroused.

"I must go and see this queen of the wilderness," I said to myself.

So one morning I saddled up and rode off on my quest. After miles of solitude I found myself ascending a mountain trail, where I came upon a curious-looking old creature that might have been man or woman, but who was dressed in the cast-off rags of some mining prospector, picking firewood by the roadside.

I gave this apparition good-day and it responded civilly enough. Then I inquired:

"Can you tell me where the female hermit is hereabouts?"

"Why sartin, stranger," answered the creature. "I be her. I say. You hain't got a plug of tobacco to give me?"

I gave her my allowance of the weed and rode back to camp a wiser if not a sadder man. HI FLYER.

HIS MIND WAS CLOUDED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John J. Holmes, Mayor of Iowa City, shot himself in the head Monday night, and died Tuesday morning. Mr. Holmes had been conspicuous in local politics for some time, having been elected mayor in 1882, and in 1883 and 1885 was the unsuccessful candidate of his party for sheriff of the county. In 1887 he was again elected mayor for a two-year term. About three months ago he became ill with a severe attack of fever, and suffered from paralysis, which, to a slight extent, affected his mental faculties, but he soon recovered. About a month ago his mind seemed to be clouded again. Within the past week he was unusually cheerful, attended to business and had apparently fully recovered. Monday evening he went down to the barn, and not returning search was made by the family. He was found lying on the floor, a pistol beside him. He had placed the muzzle against the right temple back of the ear and fired, the ball going entirely through his head and out on the left side, cutting both the optic nerves. Death resulted, however, from hemorrhage.

HARRY DOEL PARKER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Harry Doel Parker, whose well-known features appear on another page, is one of the youngest of our successful theatrical managers. Mr. Parker is a native of New Hampshire, but was educated in the West. Twelve years ago, when only a boy, he adopted the stage as a profession, and has served in every branch of the amusement business except the circus and opera. Four years ago he abandoned the stage for the managerial field. His first enterprise was "Hazel Kirke," the sole right for which he secured from Mr. A. M. Palmer. After a year of success with "Hazel Kirke," he purchased from Oliver Byron the English melodrama "Bound to Succeed," with which he toured the States the season of '86-'87. For the past two years Mr. Parker has directed the fortunes of Chas. McCarthy's "One of the Bravest," which is now playing to crowded houses everywhere.

ARRESTED HER SON.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Curley, a muscular, ruddy-faced woman, appeared in the Criminal Court, Chicago, Ill., on Saturday, with her son James in custody. She held him by the collar in the most approved "cop" fashion, and his sheepish appearance plainly indicated that he felt resistance would be useless. Jimmy had been arrested on a charge of larceny and bailed out by his mother in the sum of \$300. When his case was called on Thursday the young scapegrace was non est, and steps were to be taken for the forfeiture of his bail. Mrs. Curley, however, did not take that view of the matter, and arrested her son and produced him in court before the officers had time to serve the necessary papers to effect the forfeiture of his bail.

HUNG BY TRAMPS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Burt Chapman, a young boy, living a mile south of Naugatuck, Conn., if his own statement is worthy of credence, met with a frightful experience Friday afternoon. Two tramps carried him to a vacant lot and hung him by the neck to a tree, his hands pinioned and his toes just touching the ground. Here he remained all night.

By daylight he had succeeded in freeing his hands, but his fingers were so cold that he could not untie the rope about his neck, which was wound four or five times around his neck. He finally freed himself by pulling an iron railroad spike which he could reach with his toes to hand, and with this weapon striking the cord until it broke. He reached home in a very exhausted condition.

JAMES G. McMURRAY.

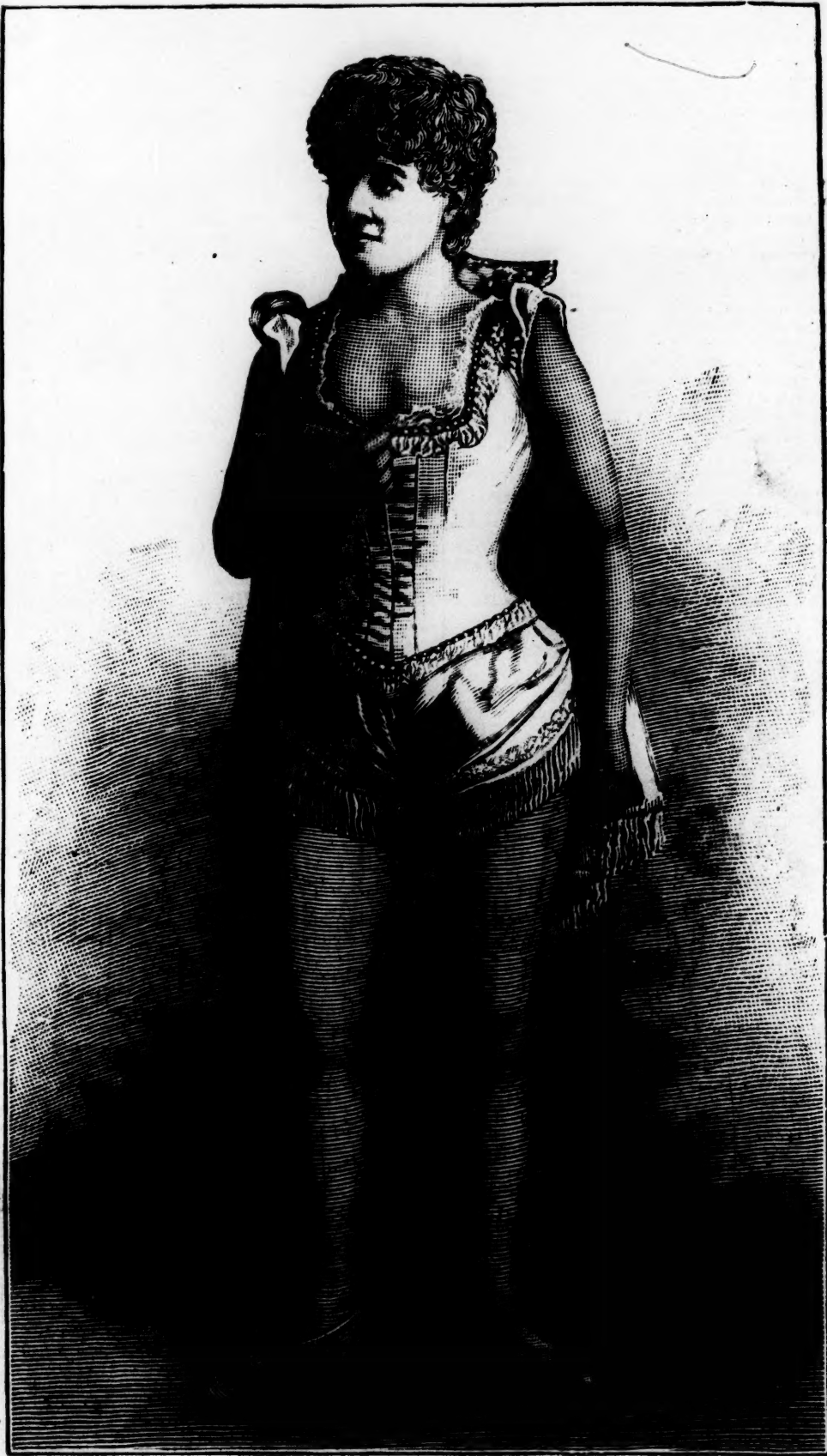
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The Eleventh District was represented in the Aldermanic Board last year by James G. McMurray, whose portrait will be seen on another page. He was born in this city in 1848, and educated at the public schools. He is also president of the National Association of News-dealers and Book-sellers and an enthusiastic military man, holding the rank of Major in the Twenty-second Regiment and being a member of the Old Guard. As a Mason he stands very high, having taken the thirty-second degree.

CATARRH CURED.

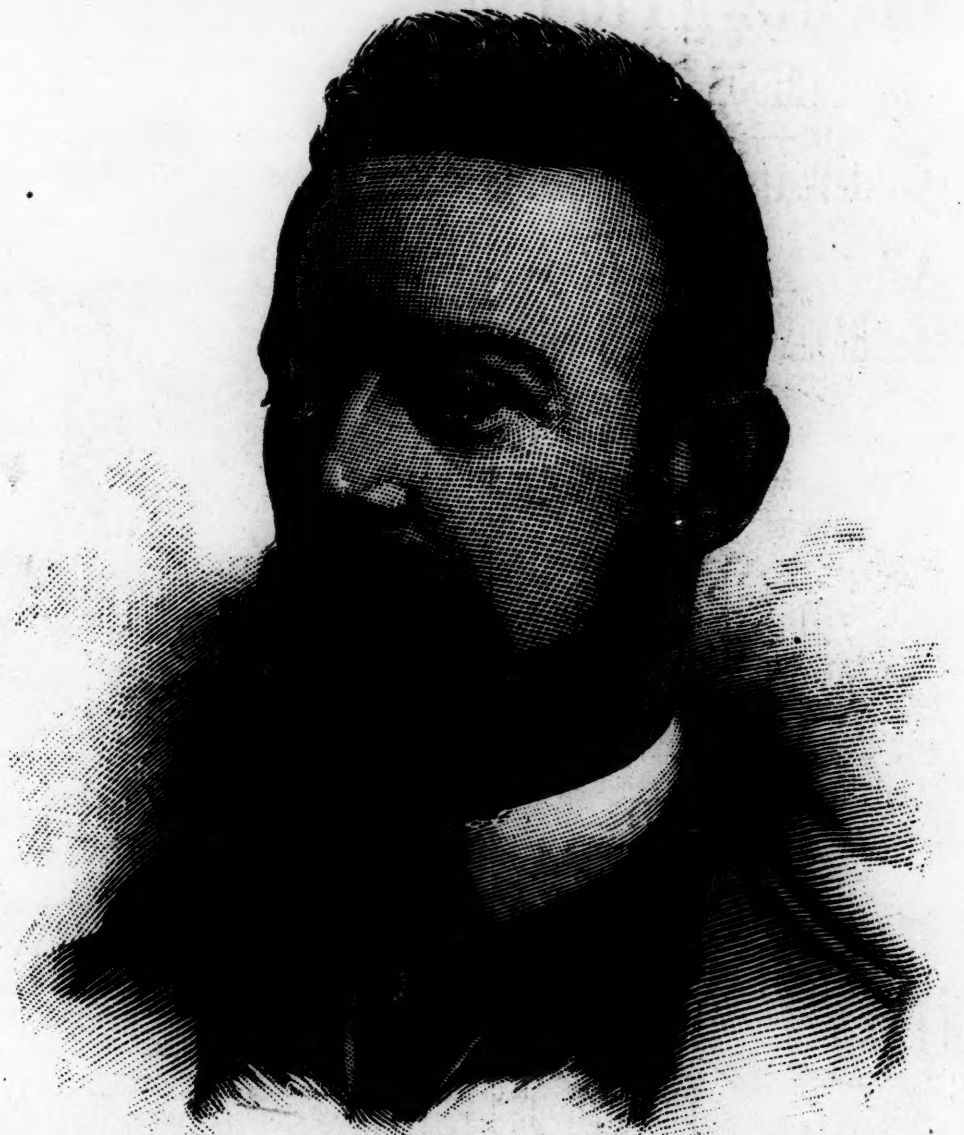
A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York city, will receive the recipe free of charge.

No one should be without a collection of our elegant cabinet photographs of all the pugilists, athletes and actresses. They only cost 10 cents each.



JESSIE WEST,

A PRETTY AND CLEVER DANCER AND SINGER, A FAVORITE IN MANY CITIES.



HARRY DOEL PARKER,

A POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL THEATRICAL MANAGER NOW WITH CHARLES MCCARTHY'S "ONE OF THE BRAVEST."



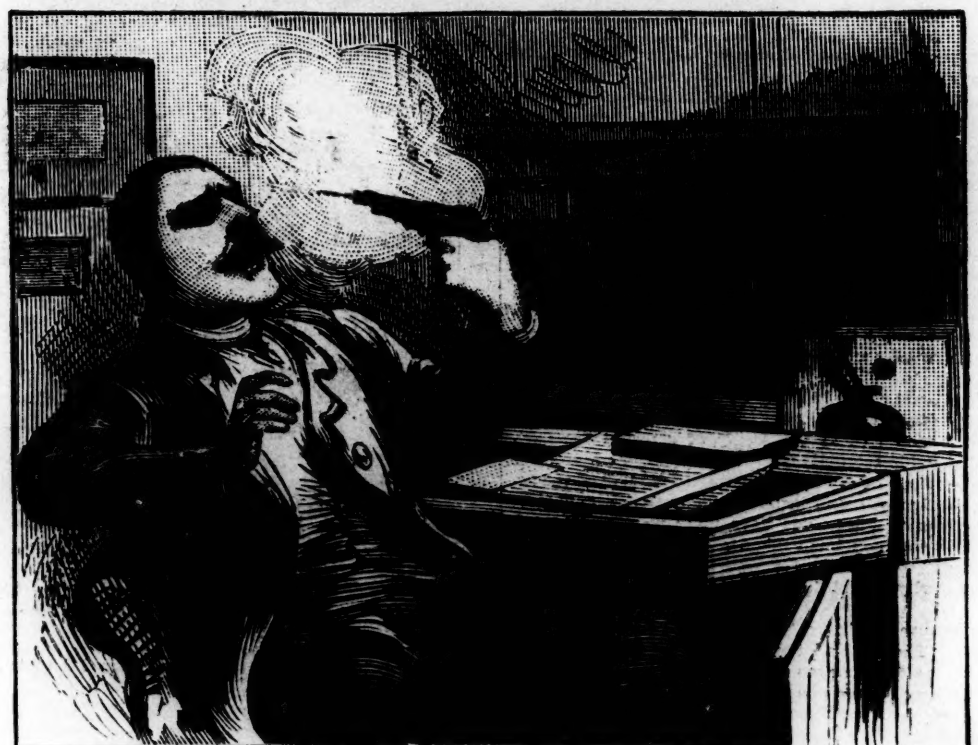
ARRESTED HER SON.

JAMES CURLEY, A YOUNG SCAPEGRACE, IS ARRAIGNED BY HIS MOTHER IN A CHICAGO, ILL., CRIMINAL COURT CHARGED WITH LARCENY.



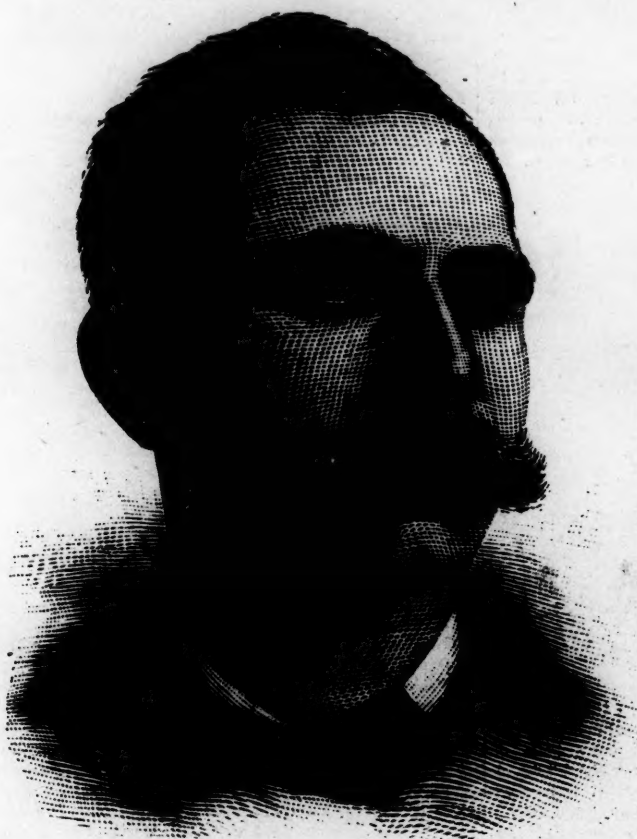
E. D. WINNEY,

THE POPULAR AND EFFICIENT CHIEF OF POLICE OF JACKSON, MICHIGAN, A VETERAN IN THE SERVICE.



KILLED HIMSELF AT HIS DESK.

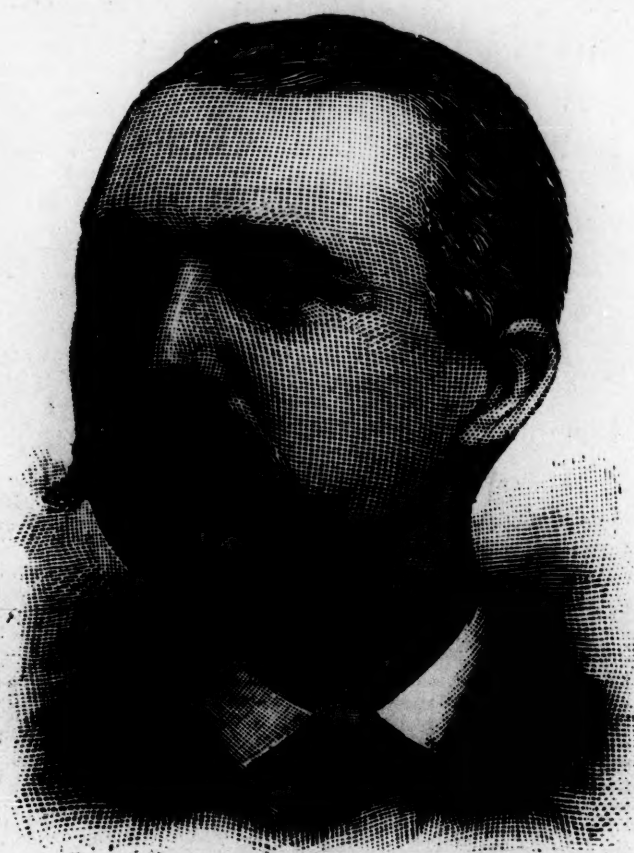
SUICIDE OF NATHAN A. WILSON, A PROMINENT BUSINESS MAN AT CLEVELAND, O., WHO WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS OFFICE.



JOE S. T. MARIE,
THE POPULAR "KING OF BARBERS" OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINNE-
NOTA, WHERE THE "BON TON" CO.



JOHN WACO,
ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL TRAINERS OF WILD HORSES
IN THE STATE OF TEXAS.



GEORGE H. MILES,
A MOST POPULAR SPORTING MAN AND PROPRIETOR OF THE PLAZA
HOTEL, LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO.



HE STUCK IN THE MUD.
THE HORRIBLE DEATH OF JOHN D. WREDE, A CHARLESTON, S. C., DRUMMER, ON
THE EASTERN WATER FRONT THAT CITY.



"I'M JACK THE CHOKER."
A MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL AT DENVER, COL., WHO LASSOES UNPROTECTED FE-
MALES WHOM HE MEETS ON THE STREET AT NIGHT.



CHARLES MEADOWS,
CHAMPION ALL-ROUND COWBOY, WHO OFFERS TO TIE THREE OR FIVE STEERS WITH ANY MAN FOR FIVE
HUNDRED OR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A SIDE.



BARONESS MARIE VETSCHERA,
THE MURDERED COMPANION OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RU-
DOLPH OF AUSTRIA, WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE.

MONTANA STRANGLERS

How the Cattle Country Was Cleared of Rustlers.

A MURDEROUS GANG.

Terrible Band of Avengers--
Their Reign Short, Sharp
and Decisive.

THE MISSION THEY PERFORMED.

MILES CITY, Mont., March 4.—The United States has never contained a better organized nor more persistent gang of horse-thieves than the one which infested the Bad Lands of Dakota between 1882 and 1884. It can hardly be said that the gang had a headquarters, as its members were constantly on the move, but the town where they appeared oftenest, perhaps, was the collection of shanties known as Little Missouri.

This little hamlet has achieved a national reputation, and for years known as the toughest town in America. It is in the heart of the famous Bad Lands; the disembarking point for tourists who wish to visit Cedar Canyon and the Burning Coal Mine, and is the scene of the encounter in which Marquis de Mores killed Luffsey, the hunter. Its palmiest days were in 1884. At that time the troops stationed there had just been removed; Commodore Gorrings had bought their quarters, known as the Cantonment; cattle by the tens of thousands were being brought into the Bad Lands; cowboys were taking the place of the Indian; the Marquis de Mores was beginning the establishment of immense slaughter houses, and scores of frontier characters were attracted to the new town.

Numerous among these characters were the horse thieves, with whom the region soon became infested. It was a perfect paradise for this gentry. The buttes, or hills, of which the Bad Lands is made up, were placed in no more order than if shot out of a gun. One might as well try to follow the trail of a bullet through the air as the one left by a man who took the slightest pains to cover his tracks. Twelve miles from Little Missouri ran the Montana line. Once across it the horse thief was safe from service by a Dakota sheriff. The nearest officer of the law with jurisdiction was in Mandan, 160 miles to the eastward. To the southeast one could go 300 miles and never see a sign of human habitation. To the south, 200 miles away, were the Black Hills. In the intervening country there was but an occasional cow camp. To the northward, 175 miles, was the Canadian line. Once across it there was no difficulty in disposing of horseflesh at fancy prices. These points were at once grasped by the "rustlers," and it was a "dead clinch" that a man from the south with a string of horses had either run them off from Wyoming or the Black Hills country. Horse thieves were practically safe from pursuit when they reached the Bad Lands.

The formation of the band of men known as the "Montana Strangers" was as much an outgrowth of necessity as is the passage and enforcement of proper laws in a well-settled community. It is not a hard task to justify the acts of the "Strangers" to a man who has lived on the frontier for any length of time. Aside from shooting scrapes and the occasional maltreatment of a stranger, there was but little law breaking in Little Missouri, but it was recognized by all that a man had only a "six-shooter right" to life and property. Numerous warrants had been issued in Mandan, 160 miles away, for the arrest of men in Little Missouri, but not one of them was ever served. The officer of the law might come up to the tough hamlet in the Bad Lands and hobnob a day or two with the man for whom he held the warrant, but the legal document was always returned with the indorsement, "Not found." It was simply impossible to receive any support from the law, and the "rustlers" took advantage of the opportunity to carry on their operations with impunity. The cattlemen were widely separated, some of the ranches being sixty or seventy miles from their nearest neighbor. All were sufferers from the depredations of the horse thieves, but even the bravest among them did not dare deal out even border justice to the men they knew were robbing them. The thieves had a perfect organization and would have taken summary vengeance on any one rash enough to oppose them.

Such a state of lawlessness could not last forever, and the end came about through two widely different causes. The first was the organization of cattlemen known as the Montana Stockgrowers' Association, and the second was the order of President Cleveland ordering all the range cattle to be driven from the Indian Territory. Eleven members of the association bound themselves together in a secret order whose sole object it was to free the country from cattle thieves. The method of carrying this plan into execution was not fully solved until the issuance of the President's famous order. It had been settled from the first that a wholesale slaughter of the thieves was the only effectual way to get rid of them, but the trouble was in finding men to perform the gory task. The President's order solved the problem. Almost every cowboy in the "Nation" was originally from Texas, and belonged to the old school—recruited from desperadoes and border ruffians of the lowest class. Crime and bloodshed were their food and drink. The President's order threw most of these men out of work by forcing the immediate sale of the cattle they had been herding. Here were exactly the men the Montana cattle growers had been looking for. They thought no more of "stringing up a rustler" than they did of shooting a prairie chicken. A secret messenger of the Montana men was dispatched to Indian Territory, and in less than a week had made terms with as bloodthirsty a gang of upholders of property rights as was ever banded together. Twenty-eight of the "Strangers" were furnished with ten good horses each, and started overland in bunches of four or five. They were instructed to avoid all towns and ranches and make all haste to the rendezvous, about thirty miles from here.

If you wish to keep posted on what is going on in the sporting and sensational world you must buy the POLICE GAZETTE every week.

It was a roundabout journey of nearly 1,000 miles, but every man of them showed he possessed the proper requisite of hard riding by appearing at the rendezvous within twelve days.

Within two days it became known that Half-breed Jack had been hung near the head waters of the Yellowstone. The following day it was learned that Turkey Williams and Broncho Charlie were hanging in the cottonwoods, about ten miles above Miles City. The



SPECIMENS OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE "TOUGHEST TOWN IN AMERICA"

next day it was Splay-Foot Hartnett's turn. It was then asserted that Scarlet-Face Mosley and Humpy Jack were lying dead in their shack near Glendive, shot to death by the "Strangers," as they had already come to be known. Investigation showed that the two men were alive and apparently as ready to steal horses as ever. The next day they were killed in exactly the manner rumor had already disposed of them. Rumor had preceded reality in a manner dramatic enough to put a tension on the strongest nerve. The man who had started the false report was searched for in vain. Every man who had helped spread it had heard it from some other man. Nothing could have so well advertised the work of the "Strangers." It showed conclusively that they were not an unauthorized gang of murderers whose mission it was to kill every man they met. They had undoubtedly been hired to do their work.

No one in the country had enough money to do this



STRINGING UP A "RUSTLER."

except the cattlemen. Then, for the first time, it was noticed that every man killed so far was a notorious horse thief. From high-handed law-breakers, the "rustlers," who had heard of the operations of the "Strangers," became the most abject of cowards. Many sought safety in immediate flight, never more to be seen in the cattle country. A few, foolhardy enough to brave the approach of their Nemesis, paid the Western penalty for their crimes, and others in their flight rushed into the very arms of the "Strangers." After the beginning of the reign of terror caused by the death of Scar-Face Mosley and Humpy Jack, the "Strangers" had divided into seven parties, each under the leadership of a trusty Montana cowboy, and, striking out in as many different directions, worked with the energy of fiends to gain the \$5,000 prize which was "hung up" as added money to the most successful party in this terrible man hunt.

The end was not long in coming. In less than two

KRULISH'S FATAL AXE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Gunther Wechsung, 29 years of age, assistant in the drug store of Otto Doeppner, at No. 337 Third avenue, New York city, was almost chopped to pieces just as he was about to begin his day's work on the morning of March 7, and the money bill robbed of its



contents. The terrible deed was done in the first ten minutes after seven o'clock, and the perpetrator succeeded in making good his escape.

As soon as Inspector Byrnes was apprised of the murder he put seven detectives on the case. Detective Titus spent his entire time among the hardware stores trying to find who had sold such an axe recently. At two o'clock Thursday afternoon he entered the store of J. Freundlich, of No. 1319 First avenue, near Seventy-first street, and inquired for an axe of the kind named.

"I have Nos. 5 and 7," said the storekeeper, "but no No. 2. I had one, but I sold it to a boy on Wednesday."

The detective asked what the boy was like. In reply he received a description of a youth named William Krulish, who at that moment was standing behind the counter at Doeppner's drug store, as unconcerned as possible, listening to the comments of those who entered on the murder, and looking without a tremor upon the crowd outside, who surged up against the

and said that something was the matter with their mother. They went together to Mrs. Taylor's bedroom where they found her lying upon the bed groaning, but unconscious.

The bedclothes were covered with blood and the floor, walls and ceiling were spattered with it. On the left side of her head was a gaping wound, extending from just above the eye to the back of the skull. The cut was very deep and nearly eight inches in length. A portion of one of the fingers of the left hand had disappeared. Apparently it had been chopped off as the woman raised her hand to save her head. Dr. Rullison was called in, but the victim was beyond recovery and died about one o'clock. The physician expressed the opinion that the murder was committed with a sharp and heavy instrument.

The police arrived and began an investigation. There was some evidence of a struggle, and blood tracks were found leading from the house. It was soon discovered that an axe recently sharpened had been taken from the cellar, which can be reached only from the outside. Diligent search has since been made for the weapon, but it has not been found. There is a very grave suspicion that the fatal blow was dealt by William Taylor, who, while not arrested for the crime, is detained pending further developments.

GUS LAMBERT, CHAMPION HEAVY-WEIGHT OF CANADA.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Gus Lambert, the champion boxer, wrestler and club-swinger of Canada, who puts up a 300-pound dumbbell with one hand, was born of French Canadian parents in St. Guillaume, Canada. He stands 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 190 pounds in condition. On May 5, 1883, he beat Charles Jones in 1 round; May 10, beat John Keefe, 2 rounds; April 15, beat Dominick McCaffrey, 4 rounds; Aug. 15, beat Jack Davis, of England, 4 rounds; March 15, beat John Hughes, the dangerous blacksmith, in 3 rounds; May 5, beat James Golden in 20 rounds; Aug. 1, he threw Dick Pennell, catch-as-catch-can, in Philadelphia. In an engagement at John M. Clark's, Philadelphia, for three months, he defeated all comers for a standing purse offered by Mr. Clark to any man who would stand before him 15 minutes. March 10, 1885, he went to Canada and received a forfeit from Mike Welsh, of Quebec; Oct. 23, beat James Fell, of Toronto, in 2 rounds in Montreal for the championship of Canada; Jan. 20, 1886, he threw Leopold Arnade; April 10, threw Andre Christal; June 22, threw David Michaud, at catch-as-catch-can style—all in Montreal, for the championship of Canada. Lambert has never been defeated, and is now ready to make a match with any man in the world, either boxing or wrestling.

PANDEMONIUM BROKE LOOSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Scarlet women, and some whose original whiteness has not deepened beyond a delicate pink, were the belles of last night's masquerade ball at Newmarket, says a correspondent from Grand Forks, Dak. Professional gamblers, bartenders and blacklegs constituted the male part of the assemblage. Here and there were young girls, many of them not over fifteen years old, reveling with all the innocence of their tender years, in the boisterous excitement. Office boys, young men about town, inhabitants of the gilded houses of sin on Washington street, beer-slingers and box-warmers from the variety theatres danced side by side with many girls whose presence there could not be said to arise from anything but ignorance of the surroundings. For undoubtedly there were many pure and virtuous girls present, but their presence was a perilous step toward the brink of the awful abyss of ruin in which the great majority of the masquers have wallowed for years. The air was redolent with musk and patchouli, mingled with the smell of perspiration and foul cigar smoke. For the men smoked even when they were dancing, and many of them increased the slipperiness of the well-waxed floor by copious expectoration of tobacco juice.

HE WAS A TERROR TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The feeling in Johnstown, Pa., and, indeed, throughout this entire region of country, which has been intense ever since the murder of old man Herman Umbarger was announced, shows no sign of abating, nor does the desire on the part of the public for every item of information seem to lessen. The arrest of Collins Hamilton, a noted criminal, on March 1, lends additional interest to the case. He was arrested by Chief of Police Harris and a posse of officers from Johnstown, in his room in the toll gate house, near Laughlins town.

THE MONEY IS HERE.

It Has Been Placed to the Bank Account of the Lucky Holders of 25,215.

The large bundle of money (\$15,000) recently drawn in The Louisiana State Lottery by Titusville parties arrived by express yesterday, and the amount quartered among the four lucky guessers, each receiving \$3,750, minus his share of the expense of collecting. The sharers in this prize will never know for certain which of them held the lucky twentieth of the magic No. 25,215, the ticket which drew the \$300,000.

Ed. Bartholomew, one of the four gentlemen, said to a Herald reporter last night: "It makes no difference about who would have gotten the lucky number had we each placed our dollar separately. We pooled our issues and one of the four tickets purchased by us jointly got there."

"The money comes in handy so far as I am concerned, and I guess that's about the case with the other three gentlemen interested. I consider the game fair and square in every respect, and not one whit worse than buying and selling oil on margins or many other similar modes of money making and losing. It was by accident and more for the fun and novelty of the thing that we four went in, than anything else, and I for one am far from being sorry for my action."

"Yes, I've ventured in once or twice before, and before the last windfall which is so much talked about I was ahead of the game." Mr. Bartholomew displayed a wonderful amount of light heartedness while being talked to regarding the matter, and a few moments later, as the newspaper man was chewing his lonely midnight sandwich, he could not prevent his thoughts from straying to the subject of the \$3,000 pull and what a pleasant feeling it must be to grab on to so large a bundle in such short order and for the small sum of a dollar bill.—Titusville (Pa.) Herald, Feb. 23.

If there is no newdealer in your town that sells the POLICE GAZETTE, send \$1 to this office and the paper will be sent to you for 13 weeks.



LITTLE MISSOURI.

months every man known or suspected of being a horse-thief was either dead or driven from the country. The "Strangers" appeared to melt into thin air as mysteriously as they had come into being, and to this day it is not known, except by the members themselves, the eleven cattlemen and four outsiders, who composed the famous band of men that freed Montana and Western Dakota from cattle thieves by killing sixty-three of them and running a hundred others out of the country.

330 Third avenue, Troy, N. Y. The house stands back a short distance from what is known as the Troy and Albany turnpike and is very close to the canal.

It was owned by Catherine Taylor, a widow, fifty years of age, who lived there with her two sons, William and George, and her daughter Eliza. The girl is away from home on a visit. Mrs. Taylor retired early last evening, and at the time her son George, who had been at a ball on Monday night, was asleep on the lounge. Toward midnight William woke his brother

COCKING MAINS.

Interest Taken in Them Years Ago by Sporting Men of Note.

OLD-TIME COCK FIGHTERS.

The New California Rules Governing Cocking Mains.

REMINISCENCES.

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CONTINUED.

Years ago nearly every sporting man of note followed the sports of the cock pit, and a large amount of money was daily wagered on the feathered warriors.

In 1828 there was a cocking main, corner of Reade street and Broadway, between Bill Hulse, of Philadelphia, and Eph Allen, of New York, which was won by the Philadelphia fowls. Allen fought the Coster and Van Cortlandt strain, while Hulse fought a breed known as Duck Legs and Brass Wings.

Old Uncle Billy Rodger, who flourished in 1828 and



"FAST."

kept the old Barnum's museum, where the City Court House now stands, was a great cock fighter. He had a breed of Derbys imported from England and the Heath cocks, an Irish imported fowl, and their "walk" was in the City Hall Park. His son kept the Red House, which was situated between One Hundred and Fourth and One Hundred and Tenth streets, afterward kept by Mark Maguire, and many a main was fought on its race track up to the time it was razed.

Uncle Pete, a colored man, who made Dr. Brown's Oil House on the Bowery, near Houston street, the biggest gambling house in New York in 1830, was another famous cock fighter. He fought a breed known as the Irish Grays.

Another old-time cock fighter was John Braden. He owned several cock walks in various parts of the city. He had all Irish imported fowls and made a fortune by breeding and raising cocks.

Cornelius Van Sickle, who flourished in 1830, was



JAP GAMES.

another great cock fighter in New York, and fought main after main. He had a breed called Black Spangles and Pyle Spangles, a strain from the English Derby and the Dominicks. He would feed and handle himself and never fight one of his fowls for less than \$100.

Patrick Duff, of Brooklyn, a baker, friend of Jim Dunn, the retired pugilist, was another great cock fighter. Old Duff had a peculiar strain of game fowls known as the Connecticut Strawberries. They were white, with the exception of a red feather, and weighed from 5 pounds 4, to 6 pounds 10 ounces, and were so heavy that they were styled shake bags. They were fast fighters and hard to beat. One of them weighing 6 pounds 8 ounces, a deformed fowl styled the "Hump," fought for three years without being beaten. Cocks from all parts of the country were brought to beat him without success.

Johnny Crapeau, a well-known Spanish sporting man fought the Hump against a Sickle cock, a Black Spangle, for \$1,000. The gaffs were put on the Hump cock up side down, it being a trick to win Crapeau's bank roll, he having won \$2,700 playing faro. The

If you wish to keep posted on what is going on in the sporting and sensational world you must buy the POLICE GAZETTE every week.

Hump had the worst of the battle, for on the first fly this game bird had his throat cut, and \$100 to \$25 were laid on the Sickle cock. Yankee Sullivan, however, accepted the odds, and just when everybody supposed their money was gone the Hump won, and Matt Green, Bill Madden, Jack Harrison, Pat Hearn and Harry Felter lost over \$10,000, and the Spaniard, Andy Sheahan, Joe Winrow and Yankee Sullivan won a small fortune. The battle was fought in Jim Mulligan's smith shop, in Grand street, in 1847.



THE PIT.

The oldest cock fighter in this country was Jim Sandford, of Baltimore, Md. He was born in 1799. He was not only a great cock fighter, but a pugilist. He beat Wm. Davis, Bill Hatfield, George Kenett, Jem Burns, and was beaten by Andy McLane. He fought cocks in 1817 against the Costers, of this city. The Hacketts, the Diebrows, the Van Cortlandts, the Van Rensselaers and the Kip family all indulged in the sport.

The breed of game fowls that was famous at this time was owned by "Nigger" Jackson. He had a strain of fowls named the Nigger breed, and they conquered everything that sported feathers. Sandford raised these fowls, and he would wring the necks of every gray birch, brass back, spangle or any fowl that was not a black-breasted red, and he wanted to keep the color intact. He would never fight the Nigger strain while chickens, because he wanted them to be matured and have their full strength, and he would never breed more than six hens to a cock. He always made it a rule to select large hens for breeding and no pullets.

Sandford was a particular friend of Tom Hyer and John Morrissey, who were also cock fighters as well as champion pugilists. In 1861 John Morrissey fought a main (which was the biggest at that time) with Harry Genet, known as Prince Hal. It was fought at Ed Laff's and Joe Crocheron's, One Hundred and Tenth street and Seventh avenue, which was then the leading road house of America. Among the old sporting men present were Andy Sheahan, famous for fighting a rough-and-tumble fight with John Morrissey; Dad Cunningham, who gained notoriety by killing Purgene in 1835; Clark Vandewater, a butcher, of Tompkins Market, who was famous as a rough-and-tumble fighter; Dick Platt, Tom Hyer's partner, who kept "The Branch," Park Row, where the New York Times now stands; Charley Wooler, Tom Hyer's backer; Col. John Austin, noted sport; Jake Somerindyke, who was referee in the McCloskey and Hyer fight, and Jim Bevens, who fought Tom Humphrey in 1835. The latter was the first Englishman who ever wore the regular fighting costume in this country.

The main was to show twenty-one and fight all that fell in for \$250 each battle and \$2,500 the odd fight. Thirteen weighed in, and there was a tremendous amount of money wagered on the second battle. Andy Sheahan lost \$2,500 on the Morrissey cock. In the third fight the police were sent for, and the affair ended in a row, and the stakes were awarded to Genet, he having won two out of the three battles fought. Morrissey claimed he was robbed out of the main, and refused afterward to have any more to do with cock fighting.

One of the oldest backers of cock fighting living today is Captain John Salters, who lives in Forty-second

ARTICLE 1—Cocks or chickens that are within two ounces of each other are a match; four ounces are allowed between cocks and chickens, and four ounces for blunders. In matching fowls to rule, say a four-pounder would just come inside of 4:3, and be within the law; heavier would forfeit. All fowls inside of twelve months old are chickens; older are cocks.

ART. 2—Before setting the cocks down, the pitters shall let them peck each other. Both cocks pecking freely is fight. When the cocks go together the pitters

shall stand far enough away from them so as not to interfere with their fighting, and neither pitter shall handle his cock unless hung in himself, the pit or his opponent, and if in his opponent, his opponent shall draw the spur. The pitters must turn their cocks over if they are on their backs, and free from the other cock, touching no part of them. Under no circumstances shall the pitters handle their cocks till a count is taken.

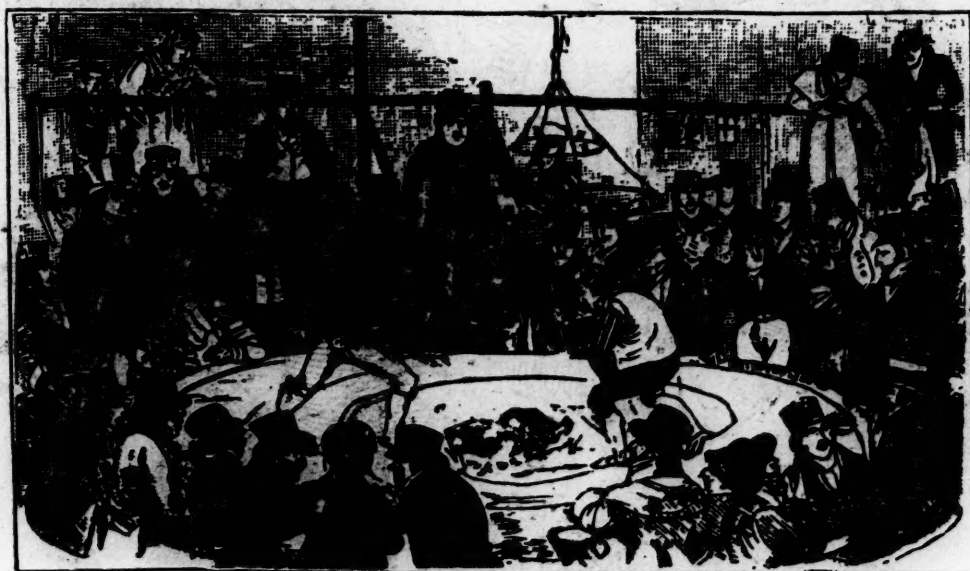
ART. 3—When either cock refuses to fight, his opponent shall count forty deliberately, as soon as he



JIM SANDFORD, AN OLD-TIME COCK FIGHTER.

shall deem it advisable, and if he should stop before counting the forty his opponent can go on with it till forty is counted out. In case the cock that refused when the count was taken should make fight before the forty is counted, that breaks the count; the last fighting cock always having the right to the count.

ART. 4—When the forty is counted, the pitters shall handle their cocks and put them down fairly on the outside score. The pitters having the count shall count ten deliberately, and when the ten is counted



A COCKING MAIN SIXTY YEARS AGO.

street, in this city. He is eighty years of age, and is hale and hearty, and speeds his trotters "on the road."

The only trouble about cock fighting is that there are too many rules, and the various codes bother the breeders and those who follow the sport.

The last departure in cock fighting is the importation of Japanese cocks, a representation of which is illustrated in this article.

The following are the new California rules of cock fighting recently adopted at San Francisco, Cal.:

the pitters shall handle their cocks as before. On the third count of ten, the cocks shall be breast fairly breast to breast, as on the third count, and the cock refusing to fight within the law to be the loser.

ART. 5—In the case both cocks fight together, and the count goes for both cocks, and neither fighting within the law, it is a drawn battle. During the battle the pitters shall not remove any feathers, or clean the eyes, beak or spurs. All rubbing, greasing or peppering is strictly prohibited. Either party wilfully vio-

lating any of the above rules loses the battle and money. All fights must be decided by the rules, and it is understood that the pit spurs—i.e., 1 1/4 inches—are to be fought with unless others are specified.

THE END.

THEY WERE ANGRY, BUT ADMIRER HIS NERVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

James M. Piper, of Tucson, Ariz., was arraigned in the First District Police Court at St. Louis, Mo., recently, charged with insulting women on the street. Piper is president of the Arizona Irrigation Company and was in St. Louis for the purpose of interesting capitalists in that enterprise.

The witnesses against him were two young and very charming ladies, Miss Cora Flemming and Miss Nellie Ashbrooke, together with their escort, L. M. Ashbrooke, all residing at 1323 Market St. They claim that Piper met them at Fourth and Olive, Saturday afternoon, and imprinted fervent kisses upon their rose-tinted cheeks. They were very indignant but could not help admiring his nerve. Piper claims that he thought he knew the ladies, thought they were old friends of his, and that they never made such a fuss about such a little thing out in Arizona anyhow. He might possibly have taken a drop too much, he admitted.

CHARLES MEADOWS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Charles Meadows, whose portrait appears on another page, claims to be the all-round cowboy of the world. He is a native of California, 25 years old, stands 6 feet 3 inches high, and weighs 200 pounds. During the eight years he has lived in Arizona he has figured as a winner in thirty-two trials of cowboy skill. He is a bold and dashing broncho rider, expert roper and tyer, and a crack pistol shot. He is ready to make an all-round cowboy contest with any man in the world for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, and will tie three or five steers, according to the Territorial Tournament rules, with any man, for either of the above amounts. He will also deposit a forfeit and pay a reasonable expense for any one who will meet him either in Payson or Phenix.

"I'M JACK, THE CHOKER."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The authorities at Denver, Col., are very much excited by reports of a mysterious individual, whose conduct is anything but proper. For some nights women and girls have been approached by a slightly-built man, whose dark, swarthy complexion, and peculiar dress indicate that he is a foreigner. He is described as possibly 40 years of age, with dark piercing eyes. He seeks a dark recess in which to hide, and, without any warning whatever, springs upon unprotected females, and throws a rope around their necks. This he twists in garrote fashion so that a scream is out of the question. After insensibility ensues the victim is laid upon the ground, and the mysterious individual disappears.

FRISKY HARVARD BOYS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John B. Van Schaick of New York, S. C. Manley, son of Joe Manley of Augusta, Me., and Henshaw, the Harvard catcher, and about a dozen other Harvard students became involved in a free fight with some Cambridge boys on a Boston horse car early on Tuesday morning. The trouble began when an old orange woman dropped a package of oranges upon the floor of the car. The students took advantage of the occasion to make things lively. The woman became angry and landed a right-hander upon Henshaw's face, a feat which won the approval of the passengers. The students were arrested and fined for their misconduct.

JAMES M. LANE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be seen a portrait of James M. Lane, of Circleville, O., the defaulting county treasurer of Pickaway county, that State, who is nearly \$50,000 short in his accounts. He has left for parts unknown and his bondsmen are reliable, so that the county will not suffer by his peculations. It is said that faro and bucket shops were the besetting weaknesses of the ex-treasurer.

GEORGE H. MILES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We give to the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE this week on another page a portrait of one of the best-known sporting men and bonifaces in the Southwest. Mr. George H. Miles, the proprietor of the Plaza Hotel, at Las Vegas, New Mexico, is known throughout the country as a lover of all kinds of sports and an authority on short card games. He is also an ardent admirer of Champion Jake Kilrain, and is anxious to have the coming battle between Kilrain and Sullivan take place near Las Vegas.

GEORGE DUNNAWAY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A portrait of one of the most fiendish murderers is that of George Dunnaway, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., which will be seen on another page. On the night of Feb. 20 he shot and killed his uncle, near Laconas, and brutally treated his aged aunt. After killing his uncle and leaving his aunt for dead, he took his eighteen-year-old cousin two miles through the country and outraged and raped her. A reward of \$450 is offered for his arrest.

JOHN WACO.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

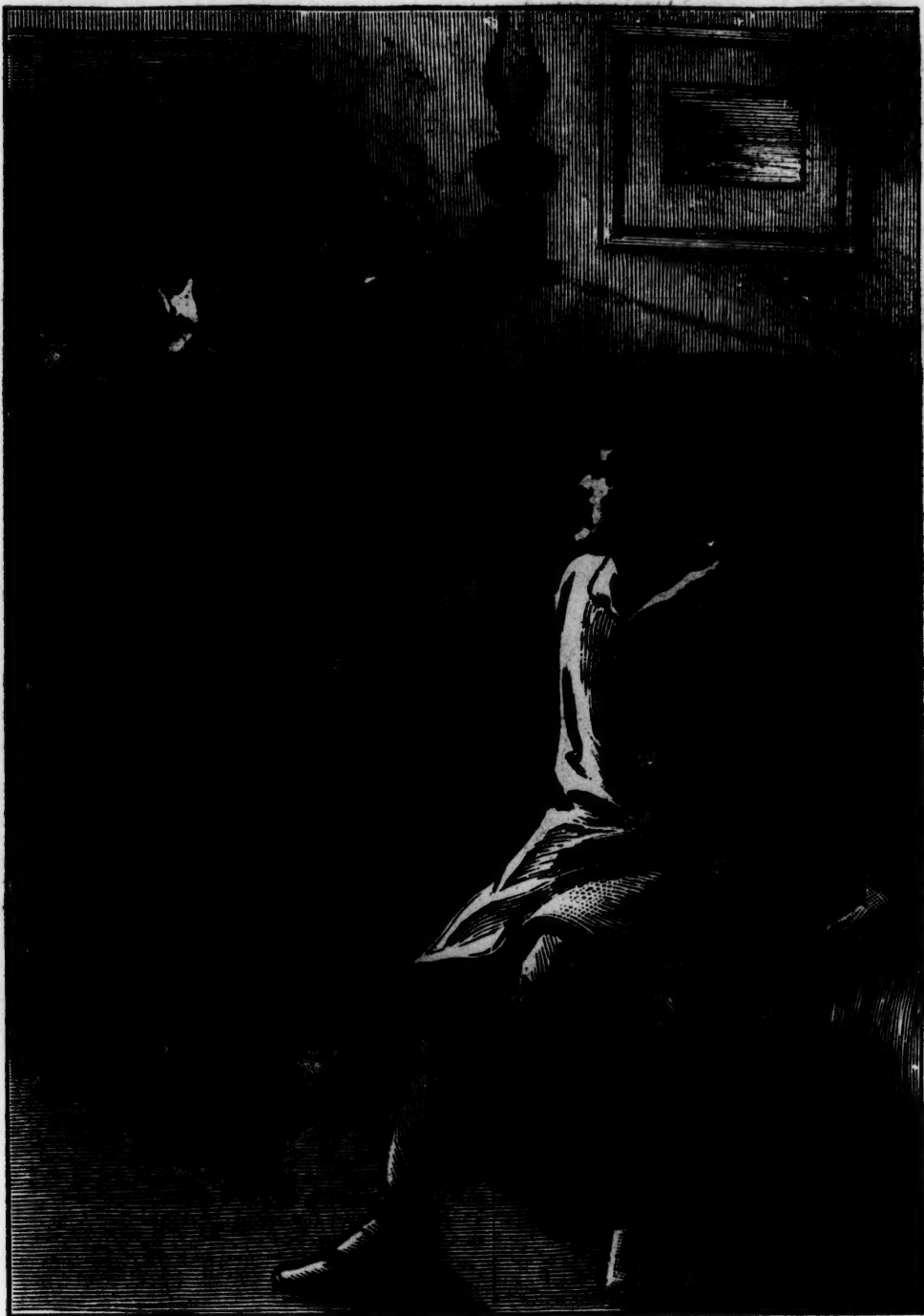
One of the best-known hostlers and ropers in the State of Texas is John Waco, a portrait of whom will be seen on another page. He was born in Shelbyville, Tenn., thirty-eight years ago, and has been identified with horses since childhood. He is noted for the control he has over wild and vicious horses, and is sought after by owners all over the State to train horses of that class.

JOHN L. SAID: "PUNCH HIM, MIKE."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On another page we present an illustration in which Pugilist John L. Sullivan plays a conspicuous part. It is intended to show an alleged fracas which occurred between Jack Hayes, John L.'s trainer, and Jack Barnitt, a close friend of the Boston boy, on Sixth avenue, this city, March 6. The details, as told by the N. Y. World, are fully given in our sporting columns.

Send 25 cents for the Whitechapel Murders, containing a history of those mysterious crimes, which have baffled the London police. Finely illustrated.



HE WAS A TERROR TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.
ARREST OF COLLINS HAMILTON, A NOTED CRIMINAL AND PENITENTIARY BIRD, AT
JOHNSTOWN, PA., FOR THE MURDER OF HERMAN UMBREGER.



HIS MIND WAS CLOUDED.
JOHN J. HOLMES, THE MAYOR OF IOWA CITY, AND A PROMINENT POLITICIAN,
SHOOTS HIMSELF WHILE TEMPORARILY INSANE.



PANDEMONIUM BROKE LOOSE.
A MASKED BALL AT GRAND FORKS, DAK., IN WHICH VIRTUE AND VICE, SILKS AND RAGS FORMED MARKED CONTRASTS.



DID HER SON DO IT?

SHOCKING AND BRUTAL MURDER OF MRS. CATHARINE TAYLOR, WHO WAS FOUND IN HER CHAMBER DYING FROM A GAPING WOUND AT TROY, NEW YORK.



A TRAGIC ELOPEMENT.

THE MURDER OF PRETTY CORA GARNAHAN AND SUICIDE OF YOUNG McLAUGHLIN, HER LOVER, NEAR PAW PAW, ILL.



THEY WERE ANGRY BUT ADMIRER HIS NERVE.

JAMES M. PIPER, OF TUCSON, ARIZONA, AMUSES HIMSELF IN ST LOUIS, MISSOURI, BY GOING ON A KISSING RACKET.

PUGILISTIC.

Fight Between Frank Glover, of Chicago, and Joe Choyinski, of San Francisco.

THE FORMER BEATEN.

(ILLUSTRATED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)

The fistic encounter between Frank Glover, of Chicago, and Joe Choyinski, of San Francisco, for a purse of \$1,000, was decided at the California Athletic Club on Feb. 24. Choyinski was attended by Tom Meadows and Bill Guernsey, and Glover by Jim Carr and Billy Delaney.

Hiram Cook was the referee, and submitted the gloves to Police Captain Short's critical eye before turning them over to the principals. The captain pronounced the mittens as complying with the 4-ounce requirement; they were tied onto the two pairs of manly legs, the electric clock clanged "time," and the trouble commenced.

The San Francisco boy looked very clean and white as he coolly walked to the center of the ring. He was in great condition, and despite his broad shoulders and good arms he looked slim and slight compared with his stocky, compact antagonist. Glover trotted up, stout and brown as a berry. He looked all right in flesh, but he was mottled about the back, and with all his ruggedness did not look as well as Choyinski in his pale, satiny skin.

Glover sealed close to 175, to Choyinski's 165, and the comparison was that of bulldog and grayhound. Both faces wore the traditional smile, but Glover's was a grin of confidence, while the young fellow's was a bit forced and sad.

Joe seemed a little shy in the preliminary squaring off, and Glover did all the early searching for an opening. He thought he found one, and landed his left on Choyinski's jaw, but it was light, and in return he got a rap on the neck that changed the landing spot from brown to red in a twinkling. Glover's next left lead landed on Choyinski's breast; he got no return, but neither did he do any damage. The remainder of the sparring in this round was light, and of no advantage to either.

The second round was also light. Choyinski opened it with a clean drive into the other fellow's wind, escaping without a return. Glover came back a moment later with a double lead of the left, which was as light as all such hits usually are. Glover next tried to pen the boy up and break his head with a right swing, but Joe made a beautiful duck, and coming up behind gave Glover a smash in the back of the neck that caused the



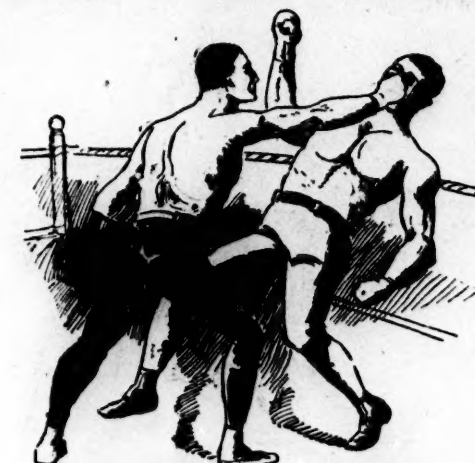
THIRD ROUND—GLOVER SENT TO THE FLOOR.

latter to swallow his smile and the audience to applaud the home talent.

Choyinski did some great leg work in the opening of the third, dodging two of Glover's vicious leads with back jumps, and then getting back in time to get in right and left before Glover recovered his balance lost by overreaching himself. Glover came back furious after the last episode of this character, but his mad rush was checked in its incipency by a smash on the jaw from the amateur's left, followed by a right swing on the ear that scored a clean knock-down for Choyinski.

When the fourth round was called both were cautious, but with the difference that Glover fiddled his hands nervously, while Choyinski was slow and cool in his manipulations and maneuvering. Choyinski led and scored a tap, and got a heavy one on the jaw a moment later. The Chicagoan was slow in getting back into position, and Choyinski missed a great show with his right, which he started on an errand and then pulled back.

Smiles were traded in the fifth, Choyinski looking serious, and sending his grin over to lighten the gloom on Glover's homely mug. There was an even exchange to go off with, both getting it on the neck, and then the California lad went at the visitor with both hands, banging him right and left on ears, neck, nose, mouth and jaw with irresistible force. It was a terrific rush, and Glover was fairly helpless under it. His guard was broken down, and his most desperate efforts to get his hands up to shield his battered face were futile. He lolled on the ropes, and was terribly punished by the rain of blows which poured in so thick and fast as to defy segregation and description. When he tried to clinch Choyinski held him off with one hand and continued to pound him with his right. No man could stand up under such a fusillade and retain consciousness for many minutes, and Glover was finally compelled to wiggle his way to the floor to avoid being knocked out. When he got up he was bleeding freely, and Choyinski went at him to finish him. He had very little time on this occasion, however, for Glover only took three or four of the terrible right-handers before he again sought the shelter of the floor. The call of time saw a very weary man



NINTH ROUND—CHOYINSKI'S CLEVER RIGHT.

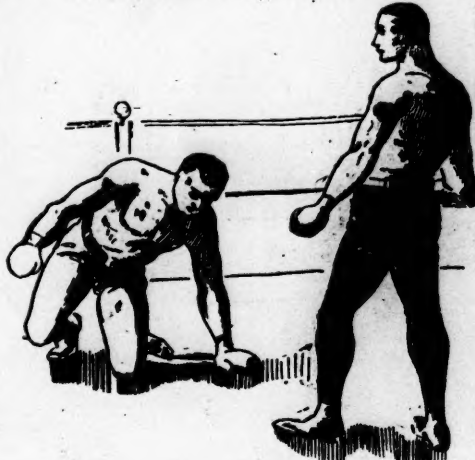
drag himself to his corner, and the betting, which had been 100 to 80 in favor of Glover, took a grand flop in the other direction. Glover still wanted a rest badly when he came up for the sixth and commenced bluffing with his right to keep Choyinski away. The latter was not fooled a bit by the threatening gestures, but remained perfectly cool while laying his plans and watching his chance for another rush. He was a little blown by his terrific exertions, and did not waste any strength taking shots. He

landed three clean hits, two on the face and one on the short ribs, and also got the best of some in fighting and a clinch that composed the only battling during the round. Glover went to his corner with a very dejected eye, a bloody nose and fear in his heart.

Choyinski opened the seventh the instant his man came within reach. His initial was a stinger on Glover's jaw, followed by a right-hander on the mouth. There was no rest for Glover in this 3 minutes; his bluffs with his right were all called, and whenever he did let it go it was met with telling stops and counters. His hits never amounted to anything more than slaps, even when he got them in, which was seldom. Choyinski scored hit after hit, every one bearing some relationship to a piler-driver, winding up with a tooth-loosening right-hander that started Glover to running around the ring, and kept him going for the rest of the round.

In the eighth the work was light on both sides. Both were tired, and the round was the one dull one of the fight.

The first fighting in the ninth was desultory, erratic and unsatisfactory on both sides, but one of Choyinski's right-handers landed on Glover's mouth with such staggering effect that the boy had a good opening left, which he was not slow to improve. Glover was chased about the ring for all the remainder of the round, taking smash after smash on his battered mouth, without



BEGINNING OF FOURTEENTH AND LAST ROUND.

the ability to give the slightest punishment in returning. The Chicago pug's homely features were dyed a bright red after a few seconds of this work, the claret pouring in streams from both nose and mouth. He made a desperate lunge or two with his right, but never reached, and when he got to his corner he was a badly punished man.

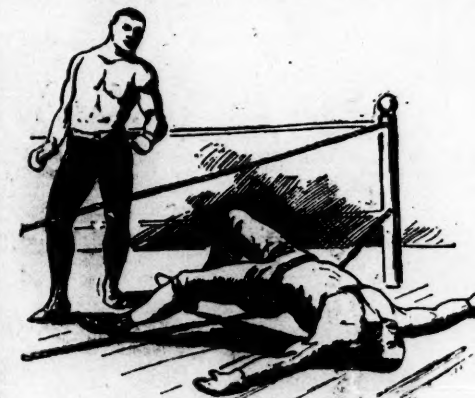
The only question in anybody's mind from this on was Choyinski's ability to keep his wind long enough to inflict the vast deal of punishment Glover seemed capable of taking. He partially settled this question in the tenth by cross-countering Glover on his insane rush, and giving him a blow on the mouth with his right that started the Chicagoan's teeth to falling out and the blood to flow in a small stream. Glover could save himself only by clinching, and he improved the opportunities when Choyinski's arms were locked to spit the blood that choked him frightfully and had a most distressing effect on his breathing apparatus.

The sparring in the eleventh was all Glover's way, but he was beyond capability of punishing, and Choyinski only laughed as he took the blows intended to break his jaw on the point of his shoulder. He made no returns and was evidently gathering strength for a final effort. There was some mild slogging in the twelfth round, but both were tired and no harm was done.

The thirteenth was a repetition of the twelfth. Glover was groggy, and clinched every time he got a chance, while Choyinski did not seem to get the opening he desired for his right.

Glover made a bluff at opening the fourteenth, which was destined to be the last round, with a rush, but was stopped short with a right-handed smash that nearly sent him to grass. He resorted to clinching again, but the second time he tried it he was thrown heavily with a half-arm movement that was half shove and half blow. He was up instantly, but Choyinski's time had come, and he commenced another murderous two-handed rush. Smash, smash, smash, left and right landed on Glover's shapeless, bloody face, and Glover was a beaten man. He was knocked down four times, but managed to stagger up every time within the ten seconds.

He was utterly defenceless, and could only feebly grope for



THE END—GLOVER SENT BETWEEN THE ROPES—KNOCKED OUT.

his antagonist in hopes of getting a clinch. The third time he went to the floor he rolled over and grabbed his conqueror's legs and pulled him down on top of him.

Choyinski tried to get up, but Glover's grip was that of a drowning man on a bit of driftwood, and the referee had to break it before Joe could get away. Glover staggered up once more. The California boy picked his spot carefully, and dropped his sledge-hammer right on Glover's jaw. The blow would have stopped an ox. Glover was lifted clear off his feet by it and thrown between the ropes. When he landed it was on the small of his back on the middle rope, and the spring of the rope dropped his head heavily on the hardwood floor. He was totally unconscious and dead to the world. Cold water and other restoratives were applied without avail, and finally his traiters had to carry him bodily to his dressing room. He was insensible for several minutes after, and it was over half an hour before he recovered sufficiently to take a hack to the Hammam baths.

Choyinski left the ring with scarcely a scratch and in fine condition.

An international wrestling match for \$500 was arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office, on March 10 between Gus Lambert, of Montreal, the champion of Canada, and an unknown, of Boston. A deposit of \$100 a side was posted by the backers of the wrestlers with Richard K. Fox, and articles of agreement were signed for the unknown and Lambert to wrestle, the best three in five falls, Graco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can. "Police Gazette" rules, for \$250 a side, the winner to take 65 and the loser 35 per cent. of the gate receipts. Richard K. Fox is final stakeholder and is to appoint the referee. The match is to be decided in this city between the 15th and the 25th of March. The second and final deposit of \$150 a side is to be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on March 15. The backer of the unknown is allowed the privilege of selecting the unknown from the following wrestlers: Duncan C. Ross, Antoine Pierre, Greek George, J. B. McClellan, Peter Delmas, or H. M. Dufur.

Send 25 cents for the Whitechapel Murders, containing a history of those mysterious crimes, which have baffled the London police. Finely illustrated.

SPORTING.

The Articles of Agreement in the Weir-Murphy Contest.

LETTER FROM MAINE'S HEAVY-WEIGHT.

Wallace Ross may probably train Harvard College crew.

John Klein, at whose hostelry at Beloit, Wis., Jack McAuliffe trains, writes that he never said anything detrimental about McAuliffe.

Henry H. Diddlebrook has been made sporting editor of the Philadelphia Inquirer, and that well-known daily is going to make sporting one of its leading features.

Paddy Ryan, the ex-champion of America, is the advance agent of the New Schenectady Athletic Troupe, of which Ed Smith, of Denver, Col., is the drawing card.

On March 4, at Madison Square Garden, in this city, Alfred Copeland won the 250 yard hurdle race in 33 1/2 seconds. Copeland's performance beat the record by 2 1/4 seconds.

Bob Turnbull, the well-known pugilist, sporting writer and boxing teacher, has returned from Rochester, N. Y., where he has been teaching the manly art of self-defense.

Joe Lannon, of Boston, and Jack Ashton, of Providence, are training for their eighteen-round glove contest, which is to be decided at the Criterion Club, Providence, on March 19.

At San Francisco, on February 28, Billy Kenealy, of the Olympic Club, and Ed Lynch, of the New San Francisco Athletic Club, fought three rounds, and Lynch was declared the winner.

The following horses have been declared out of the Kentucky Derby: Hyperion, Viceroy, Blair, Bantyre, Hopalong, Philosophy, Corinth, Jakle Toms, Groomsman, Romeo, Gladiator, Brewster and Madstone.

Prof. Harry Maynard, the retired light-weight champion of California, recently held an athletic tournament at the Pavilion, El Paso, Tex., which was a big success. Maynard has become quite popular at El Paso.

Jack McAuliffe's 73-round drawn battle with Carney, followed by his 64-round draw with Myers, will make patrons of pugilism hesitate about paying big money to witness fights under Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Kid Burns of Santa Barbara, Cal., has issued a challenge to fight any man in America at 125 pounds, either London prize ring or Richard K. Fox rules, for \$1,000 a side. H. M. Reynolds of Santa Barbara is Burns's backer.

A cable from Australia says Beach hadn't accepted Matterson's challenge at last accounts; Searle and Matterson have gone on a visit to the Macleay river, this being the former's home, and that H. Searle intends going to England.

Johnny Farrell, the feather-weight pugilist, has been engaged as instructor to the Senate Cribb Club, Missoula, Mont. On the 20th inst. he will give a farewell exhibition at Parepa Hall, when he will box Cal McCarthy and Mike Cushing, each 4 rounds.

At Charles Norton's Athletic Hall, 309 Plane street, Newark, N. J., on March 18, Harry Bartlett will be tendered a benefit. A host of boxers will appear, and Mike Cushing and Bartlett will box six three-minute rounds. James Dawson will be master of ceremonies.

Harry Webb, the famous and well-known sporting man, is going across the briny deep, and will sail for England April 20 with Mike Cleary, the middle-weight pugilist, to give exhibitions of sparring. Webb says he may match Cleary to fight an English middle-weight while abroad.

Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, and J. D. Hayes are still keeping the "Police Gazette Rules" sporting house at Ashland, Wis., and doing a first-class, steady business. Mike Conley takes regular exercise. He weighs 215 pounds, and intends to shortly re-enter the ring if opportunity offers.

Jem Smith, the champion of England, has left London for Hastings, where he will prepare for his battle with Charley Mitchell, which is to be fought April 1. Smith's work will be superintended by that prince of trainers, Jem Howes, which is in itself a guarantee that the champion will be brought fit and well to the scratch.

John L. Sullivan has completed arrangements to start on a tour. His manager is engaging boxers and wrestlers, and Pat Killen, of St. Paul, it is said, is under contract to wind up with Sullivan at every exhibition. Sullivan will start about the middle of April, give exhibitions in the leading cities, and the combination will disband at New Orleans.

E. H. Garrison, the well-known jockey and backer of Mike Cushing, says: "If Jack Hopper is eager to meet Mike Cushing and arrange a match for \$500 or \$1,000, all Hopper's backer will have to do, if he means business, is to put up a forfeit at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and the matter will be attended to, but Cushing or myself will pay no attention to any challenges coming through any other source."

Wm. Knott, the well-known oarsman of Brooklyn, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office March 12, posted \$50 and issued a challenge to row William Fitzpatrick or Jack Langan a three-mile single-scull race in "best and best boats," according to the rules of the National Association, for \$250 or \$500 a side, the race to be rowed either at Pleasant Valley or Carmansville, on the Hudson, in six or eight weeks from signing articles.

Johnny Mulaney, of the Seventh Ward, this city, and Joe Cassidy, of Paterson, N. J., fought eight rounds in a barn at Roseville, N. J., on March 7. Cassidy knocked Mulaney down early in the first round, but the latter soon squared matters by sending Cassidy at full length on the floor. The latter's upper lip was also split before the three minutes expired. In the eighth Mulaney sent Cassidy to sleep by a rap on the jaw and won.

"Doc" McDonough, sporting editor of the New York Star, in his regular illustrated Sunday letter to the Boston Globe, Philadelphia Times, St. Louis Republic, and other Western papers, gives a graphic description of the champion pool player, and an interesting analysis of some wonderful shots by the famous Cuban, De Oro, and Champion Albert M. Frey. The letter is in McDonough's best vein, and is intensely interesting throughout.

A special to the "Police Gazette" says: "Some time ago the Ridgeway Gun Club advertised for their match in shooting glass balls. This was answered by the Guilds Gun Club, of Blenheim, and a series arranged, one at Guilds, one at Ridgeway and one at Blenheim; ten men and 300 balls a side. At Guilds, Ridgeway won by two balls; at Ridgeway it was a tie, and in Blenheim, on March 3, the Guilds won by six balls, the score being 104 to 100."

"Diamond Dick" of Leavenworth, Kans., a noted character and a well-known rifle shot and general sport, called on Richard K. Fox on March 8 at his office, POLICE GAZETTE building. He wore a light melon suit with black satin facings and lapels, sported a diamond cluster larger in circumference than a trade dollar, his cuff buttons were diamonds, while in his vest there were seven huge diamond buttons, and the band of his large sombrero had a diamond buckle. He created a great sensation in this city, for he "done" New York thoroughly.

There is considerable excitement in prize ring circles over the light-weight championship, which title Jack McAuliffe, who recently fought a draw with Billy Myers of Streator, claims. McAuliffe holds the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which trophy represents the light-weight championship, on condition that he defend the trophy against all challengers. About a week ago Mike Daly of Bangor, well known in prize ring circles, posted \$250 and challenged McAuliffe to battle for the

trophy, stating at the time in his dog that if his money was not covered and his challenge accepted within two weeks, he would claim the belt and the championship.

Kid Burns and Clark "the Slasher," two light-weights, fought according to Richard K. Fox rules at Los Angeles, Cal., on Feb. 27, for a purse of \$1,000. Both men are well known on the Pacific Coast, and there was considerable speculation on the result. Both men hail from Santa Barbara and have figured in several fistic encounters. The battle was a long and desperate one, seventy-five rounds being fought in 4 hours 20 minutes, when, neither of the men being able to continue, W. S. McEvoy declared the battle a draw. Clark's eyes were nearly closed at the end of the battle, while Burns was also terribly battered about the face and body.

Frank Herald, the "Nictown Crasher," who three years ago, was ready to meet any man in the fistic arena, has again figured prominently in prize ring circles. At the N. Y. Athletic Club boxing exhibition, on March 3, Herald entered the arena against Joe Godfrey, a big heavy-weight who had an idea from Herald's avoidance that he would have no trouble in knocking the Nictown Crasher out of time. Johnny Reagan seconded Herald, and the latter merely held off the burly Godfrey until the third round, when he landed a terrific right-hand cross-counter on Godfrey's jaw, which sent him down all of a heap, and he lay insensible for three minutes. Herald's tremendous blow surprised every one present, and many claimed that the blow would have settled any one it struck.

The following explains itself:

WYOMING, Me., March 7, 1899.
To THE SPORTING EDITOR—I notice in several of the Down East papers that Bill Clancy, of Orono, is clamoring for fight. I have accommodated the bluffer on two previous occasions and defeated him each time, but still he is not happy. He wishes another go, in rough-and-tumble style, for what he is pleased to call the championship of Maine. I have invited the wind-bag to St. John to meet me in a finish fight with skin gloves, Richard K. Fox rules to govern. I have a side bet that there is not an engine on the Maine Central R. R. capable of hauling him to St. John to fight under said rules for fan or money. I am open to listen to his overtures at any time he concludes to battle under the rules which govern such contests.

TOM MADDER, Heavy-weight Champion of Maine.

Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion, with Billy Madden, Bob Drew and a large delegation of sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE March 11 in reference to the proposed match with Mike Daly, of Bangor, Me. He stated that he was willing to meet any man in the world for \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" champion belt. In regard to the offer of Daly, McAuliffe deposited \$250 to cover a similar amount Daly had posted with the sporting editor, and stated that he was ready to arrange a match with the Bangor pugilist for \$2,500 a side and the light-weight championship of America. McAuliffe, however, refused to arrange any match for less than \$2,500 a side. Captain Cook, of Boston, was telegraphed as follows:

Jack McAuliffe covered the \$250 posted by Mike Daly with the sporting editor, and agrees to meet Daly for \$2,500 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the championship of the world. McAuliffe agrees to meet Daly and his backers at the POLICE GAZETTE office any day he may name to arrange the preliminaries.

The following are the articles of agreement in the coming Weir-Murphy contest:

Articles of agreement entered into this 27th day of February 1899, between Frank Murphy, of Birmingham, England, and Ike O'Neil Weir, of Boston, for a fight to a finish with skin-tight gloves.

The fight must be to a finish, and there must be a winner and a loser. Richard K. Fox rules shall govern the match.

In case of interference by the authorities the referee shall order the men to meet and finish the fight within three days.

Each man is to weigh 150 pounds stripped at the ring side, and should the fight be stopped by the authorities the men shall weigh again on the morning of the day that the referee shall order them to finish the battle.

The battle shall be for one thousand dollars a side, the feather-weight championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond championship belt, emblematic of the same.

It is hereby agreed that the battle shall be fought within 250 miles of Chicago, on Monday, March 13, at St. Albans, N. Y., is agreed upon as referee.

The special conditions of this match are that the stakes shall be paid over to the winner on the decision of the referee, and neither party to the agreement shall have recourse to law to prevent the paying over of the same.

J. N. Taylor, sporting editor of the Globe, is agreed upon as temporary stakeholder, and \$250 a side is deposited with him to bind the match. The balance of \$750 a side must be deposited with the temporary stakeholder Tuesday, March 12, the whole to be delivered over to the referee, who shall be final stakeholder.

In case either man fails to live up to the articles of agreement he shall forfeit all the money put up by him or his backer. We have read the above articles, and hereby sign our names as guarantee that we are satisfied with the same.

FRANK MURPHY, IKE O'NEIL WEIR, WILLIAM DALY, JR., EDWARD F. McEVY.

Witnesses: J. N. TAYLOR, J. A. DENHORN.

Sullivan's manager and trainer have been on the warpath, according to the following, which appeared in the New York World on March 7: The backers, trainers, heelers and general satellites of John L. Sullivan are rather disgruntled at present, owing to a little reaction which occurred in a Sixth avenue saloon on Friday night between Jack Barnitt, a close friend of Sullivan's, and Jack Hayes, the big pugilist's trainer. For some time past it has been an open secret that John L. had again wandered from the straight and narrow path and was toying with the roses and raptures of high life. While he has not indulged in any of his old-time Boston jamborees, he has been seen on divers occasions laboring under what might be termed a "pugilistic still." This has created a suspicion of uneasiness among his backers, and a feeling of disgust among the better class of his friends. Nevertheless there are many who still cling to the belief that the big fellow will round to and get into good shape for his coming battle with Kilrain. Late on Friday night, after a lively session with a party of friends in Jimmy Wakely's saloon at Forty-second street and Sixth avenue, John L. started down Broadway in company with Mike Sullivan, his brother, Jack Barnitt and Jack Hayes, his trainer. On the corner of Thirty-first street and Broadway the party stopped to hold a council of war. Sullivan was pretty well loaded, and Barnitt was anxious to get him into bed.

"Come, John," said Barnitt, "let us go home."
"Not if I know it," replied Sullivan. "I am going over to Kelly's for awhile. You blooming duffers can go home if you like." The pugilist then sauntered down to the "only" place, followed by his three companions. John's brother was angry with the trainer for not using his influence in behalf of early hours and sobriety, and after the disposal of a round of drinks he entered into a discussion with that functionary regarding the duties of trainers in general. The debate was so warm that Hayes finally invited Mike to come outside and take a hoking.

"Punch him in the nose, Mike," growled John. While Mike was putting himself on a war footing Jack Barnitt came to the front and declared himself ready to indulge in carnage in unlimited quantities. Mike at once resigned in Barnitt's favor and the latter, with Hayes, repaired to the sidewalk, where hostilities immediately commenced. The trainer immediately stopped Barnitt's right with his nose, and then, grabbing his enemy by the neck, Hayes threw himself heavily underneath Barnitt, with the evident intention of holding the latter over the house-tops. He was baffled by the police, who, with some difficulty, unmixed the combatants and called time for the first round. The fighters returned to the interior of the saloon, where the trouble was renewed. They were once more separated and warned by the police. Sullivan sat in the back room during the whole fight and was not aware of the trouble. Hayes was slightly cut about the face, but Barnitt was unscathed. It was rumored that Sullivan's backers threaten to withdraw their money if he does not permanently reform.

Progressive poker is a great game. You can learn how to play it from the book upon the subject compiled and published by the POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

REFEREE.

Kilrain's Proposed Visit to England to Meet the British Champion.

DEMPSEY AND PRITCHARD.

"On to the Breach" is the motto of Jake Kilrain, the Irish-American champion of the prize ring, at the present time, for he is going once more, wrapped in the folds of the Stars and Stripes, to invade England and beard the lion in his den. Kilrain's trip to England is to combine pleasure with profit. On his arrival he will arrange a match with Jim Smith, England's champion, to meet him in October or November, according to London prize ring rules, for the championship of the world and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, or in a glove contest in which the rounds are limited to ten or twelve.

Kilrain will place no stumbling block in the way of arranging either of the above matches, and there is not the least doubt that either one or both will be arranged on his arrival.

No matter what match the champion arranges he will profit by past experience and leave no stone unturned whereby it would bar his prospects of winning. Smith is well aware that he is no match for the gentlemanly, unassuming American gladiator, and he will use all the advantages of the many rules in match making to gain an advantage, for he is well aware, after his experience with Kilrain when they met on the banks of the Seine, that he stands no chance, barring accidents, of defeating Kilrain.

No matter what conditions the English champion may propose, there is no advantage to be gained by Smith's propositions. Kilrain, as the American prize ring champion, will accept and arrange for a speedy meeting. The champion's battle with Sullivan is set for July 8, and Kilrain is thoroughly awake to the fact that he will have to begin regular training about the first week in May, and continue to train until a week before the battle. On Kilrain's return from England, he will go to work in earnest to reduce his avoirdupois, and when the time arrives for him to enter the ring he will be on hand, eager and ready for the fray.

Jake Kilrain, the champion of America, holds a title of which he is very proud, not only in a fight, but because he is "a native to the manor born," and represents a country which is second to none in the world.

In regard to Kilrain, I clipped the following from the Baltimore American Feb. 22: "Kilrain said he would go over as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements. 'While in England I will most likely spar Jim Smith 10 or 15 rounds in public for the entire game receipts. There is great interest among the English people to see us come together again. I do not know what arrangements Mitchell has made for our tour, but I imagine that it will include England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. After doing those countries, my idea would be to return to San Francisco, meet some of the crack men of that section and then go to Australia, where there is plenty of money. The entire trip, as I have laid it down, would occupy the best part of two or three years, and I know we could make money, give satisfaction to our patrons, and be free from the insults to which we were subjected during our late Western trip.

"Of course these plans may be upset by Sullivan if he really means business, but I am pretty sure he don't. If, however, the final deposit is made in April, I shall only remain abroad until May 1, when I shall return with Mitchell and go into active training for the fight. Upon my return to America, whether I meet Sullivan or not, I will stand prepared to defend the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt against all comers, white or black, foreign or native."

"Kilrain would like to sail on the Britannia, of the White Star Line, but she is on the other side now, and will not leave New York again until March 13, which is much too late for him. He will probably leave by one of the Cunarders the latter part of next week. Several of his intimate friends, as soon as they learned of his intended departure, decided to give the champion a farewell dinner on two evenings before he leaves for New York. On Monday, accompanied by a few friends, he will attend the inauguration of President Harrison, and in the evening he will occupy a box at the Academy of Music, in this city, by courtesy of Manager Dean.

"Invitations for drives, suppers and theatres are pouring in on him just now. Yesterday afternoon he visited all the gymnasia and athletic clubs, by invitation of the instructors. Before leaving Baltimore he will endeavor to pay his respects to all of his friends. His family, of course, will remain here permanently.

"A telegram received Feb. 27 from Mr. Richard K. Fox, of the Police Gazette, who backed Kilrain against Jim Smith, and who, after the draw, presented him with the stakes, states that Kilrain acted wisely in deciding to go abroad again. Before going home last night Kilrain called Mitchell that he will leave for England within ten days. Mitchell will meet the Baltimorean at Liverpool, where he will undoubtedly be accorded a hearty welcome. He will be the guest of Pony Moore, Mitchell's father-in-law, at whose benefit, in April next, he will spar with Mitchell."

The latest sensation in prize ring circles is the proposed international match between Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil and middle-weight champion of America, and Ted Pritchard of London, England, for \$5,000 and the middle-weight championship of the world. Pritchard has issued a challenge to meet Dempsey in the twenty-four-foot ring, according to London prize ring rules, for \$2,500 or \$5,000 a side and allow Dempsey \$500 for expenses to meet him in the ring on the Continent.

Dempsey is willing to meet Pritchard for any sum the English champion is ready to put up, but he will not cross the Atlantic to meet him. He will, however, agree to battle with the Englishman upon the terms he proposes, if he will come to this country to decide the question of supremacy.

Dempsey is so eager to have a shy at some one that he would, with little coaxing, be foolish enough to cross the Atlantic and beard the lion in his den.

I think if Dempsey consents to arrange a match with this new-made English middle-weight champion, and agrees to meet him on the Continent, that it will be the height of folly on his part, for no American can cross the Atlantic and meet any pugilist representing England in the arena and win.

Dempsey to-day stands a peer—yes, a prize ring phenomenon in his class, the middle-weight division. He can probably find men in New York, let alone any other city, who would furnish him stakes to the amount of \$10,000 and upward to meet any middle-weight, no matter where the latter hailed from and how great his reputation, simply because he has engaged in over forty battles with gloves, both in limited round contests and battles upon which only a "result" would decide the issue. He has never met with defeat, and he always has been ready to defend his title of middle-weight champion against all challengers. In my opinion, if Dempsey, in his eagerness to meet the English ten stone four, or 146-pound, champion of England, should consent to decide the battle on French soil it would be a good plan to stipulate that only twenty on each side shall be present and put the price of tickets at \$50, or \$250, each.

The amount charged for tickets would be Dempsey's only chance of receiving fair play, for none but the lords and magnates, who delight to witness a first class fight encounter, would be able to pay the tariff, and the toughs, with

their knuckle-dusters and black-jacks, would be unable to reach the locale.

It appears to me absurd for Dempsey to think of receiving fair play in England, when two pugilists bred and born in that country cannot mill for any large sum and receive fair play. Smith was not allowed to defeat Greenfield, neither was Pritchard allowed to conquer Hayes, and how can any American who is to battle for a large stake against an Englishman expect to receive fair play?

Dempsey's action in the matter should be to insist on any Englishman anxious to defeat him coming to this country for the purpose, and to contend in battles only when they are decided on American soil.

There have been many battles fought in this country by pugilists of various weights, and there have been many of theistic division that have had their countenances battered out of all semblance of humanity; still they have pluckily fought to stem the tide of defeat staring them in the face until obliged to succumb from sheer exhaustion. Their ambition was to win or to save their backers' money, of course. A game cock will sometimes run away or fly the pit, but this is owing to his not being thoroughly bred. Harry Bartlett, who stopped fighting when battling for \$1,000 and twice that amount in stakes, must have had a cross in his breeding and lacked courage, or he would never have stopped fighting until he was either knocked senseless or unable to continue.

I have never known, during my long experience, of a runaway pugilist, or one battling for such large stakes and bets like Bartlett to give up without making the least effort to win. If Bartlett's courage is a sample of that of the latter-day English pugilist then sporting men had better back American and Irish American pugilists, for they are by a long way a better class and more courageous.

The battle between Bartlett and Cushing was an encounter in which a plucky American pugilist beat an Englishman who lacked stamina and courage.

By the way, what a contrast there is between Bartlett in his fight with Cushing, and Cushing in his fight, April 25, 1887, with Jack Hopper, which the latter won! Cushing, after breaking his arm, did not give up, but continued to battle until he could not fight any longer. Under "The Referee," in these columns, after the contest in question, I wrote the following:

"I had to admire the great pluck and stamina that Mike Cushing, the ex-amateur light-weight champion, displayed in his battle with Jack Hopper, fought on the Hudson on April 25.

"On an open platform by the Hudson river, with wind and a cold rain falling, the plucky youth stood fighting a professional for twenty-five 3-minute rounds, and seven of those rounds were fought with one of the bones of his wrist broken.

"It was a fight which for gameness and skill was, perhaps, never surpassed in this country, for both men did all that mortal could do to win the stakes dependent upon the issue. The victor won after 1 hour and 46 minutes, with hardly enough of strength left to hurt a child.

"Cushing lost, though only when his want of vision prevented him from seeing his adversary. At the termination of the fight, a few minutes would apparently have left Hopper blind and Cushing would have won.

"I have witnessed many a hard-fought battle in the prize ring between champions and non-champions, and seen men lose when, if they had the courage and stamina to continue the contest, they were bound to win; but, lacking both quantity and quality, they lost not only their reputation but their backers' money."

I see that Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, has at last succeeded in arranging a match, which this time promises to be a fixture, between Frank Murphy, of England, and Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider. According to the conditions in the protocol, the battle is to be for \$1,000, Richard K. Fox rules, for the "Police Gazette" belt and the feather-weight championship of the world.

It is also stipulated in the agreement that should there be police interference the referee shall order the men to finish the fight within three days. Each man is to weigh 120 pounds at the ring side.

The battle is to be fought on Monday, 18th inst., within 250 miles of Chicago. Al Smith, of New York, is agreed upon as the referee. The stakes shall be paid to the winner on the referee's decision. J. N. Taylor is temporary stakeholder, and \$250 has been deposited with him. The balance (\$750) is to be deposited on March 15, the whole amount to be turned over to the referee, who shall be the final stakeholder. The failure of either man to live up to the articles will cause a forfeiture of all money put up by him or his backers.

If both men go through a thorough course of training, the battle will create widespread interest, and hundreds of dollars will be wagered on the result.

The Toronto "Mail" says: "John Fleming says if Smith, the champion, defeats Charley Mitchell, that Ernest C. Welles, of the Pelican Club, will match the English champion to meet any man in the world for any amount from \$500 to \$500 a side. This will be a chance for Kilrain.

Sporting writers in Australia intimate that Peter Jackson, their black champion, has not received the credit that is due to him since his arrival in the United States.

One exchange says Jackson has defeated Godfrey, the colored champion of America. He put Joe McAuliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific coast, to bed, beating him until his friends could not recognize him and then knocked him senseless, and since then he has agreed to fight Kilrain, Sullivan or any man in the world. Still the Yankee sporting men do not appreciate him. Jackson, it is true, is a man of color; so was Molineaux, Bob Travers, Bob Smith and other distinguished pugilists, and it is not fair to taboo Jackson for his color, simply because our Yankee friends have no one able to conquer him.

I think the Australian sporting writers' ideas upon the subject are correct in some respects, but in regard to Jackson offering to fight Kilrain, Sullivan or any man in the world, I think they are beyond reason. I never read Jackson's deft, or ever knew or heard of any one holding a forfeit of the black champion, to prove that, if he did issue such a challenge, he was in earnest.

I do not believe Jackson ever put up a forfeit and issued such a challenge. Of course he could have printed a card in some local paper in San Francisco stating that he was ready to fight any man in the world; but that would amount to nothing as far as challenging and match making is concerned, for no challenge, no matter how issues it or for what branch of sport the challenger desires to compete or contend in, is bona fide or can be considered regular unless a forfeit is posted to prove the challenger means business.

I think if Jackson did put up a forfeit and issue a challenge to fight any man in the world for the championship that the holder of the title, if he did not have a match on his slate already arranged, would be compelled to accept the Australian champion's deft, no matter what color his skin might be or whether he came from the Sahara or from Patagonia.

There is no line drawn in regard to color when the prize ring championship of the world is the issue, for a champion must meet all comers. In regard to Jackson's victories, it is true that he defeated George Godfrey and knocked out Joe McAuliffe, but neither Godfrey nor McAuliffe were within a stone's throw of the championship goal, so that, bunting his victories in Australia and this country, it would not make him a wonder.

No one should be without a collection of our elegant cabinet photographs of all the pugilists, athletes and actresses. They only cost 10 cents each.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Owing to the numerous orders that we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

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The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders that we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices. Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

M. D. J., St. Louis.—A wins.
J. B., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Yes.
J. R. W., Yes; the jack counts.
W. S. J., Albany, N.Y.—B loses.
M. D. A., Akron, O.—Low, Jack wins.
C. D. S., Santa Paula, Cal.—C deals next.
S. D., Pottsville, Pa.—1. No. 2. Bill Lang.
D. S. J., Boston.—1. James Keenan. 2. No.
J. W. G., Armstrong, Kan.—Send on the photo.
J. H. S., Ironton, Mo.—Yes; B must show his hand.
J. E. D., New York.—He need only show openers.
J. A. S., Hudson, N. Y.—You must build off the table.
D. S., Utica, N. Y.—H. M. Dufur and John McMahon.
E. J. C., Florence, Mont.—One hundred and six rounds.
DEMOCRAT, Clark county, Dak.—We will answer next week.
F. L. McC., Hempstead, L. I.—Certainly! I can raise the pot.
W. B., Waterloo, Ia.—It must go up a point higher for you to win.

J. A. R., Ukiah, Cal.—Send 75 cents and we will mail you the book.

J. B., Butternut, Wis.—The game counts high, low, Jack, game.

C. A. M., Schaller, Ia.—1. High goes out first. 2. Low, Jack game.

H. M. R., Los Angeles.—Thanks for letter copy; send Burns' photo.

JONES, Jersey City, N. J.—There was no such book published.

H. H., Manor Station.—Certainly you will be arrested as a deserter.

G. H. S., Irwin, Col.—1. No; the dealer does not lose the jack. 2. Yes.

—, Elmira, N. Y.—1. 5 feet 8 1/2 inches. 2. 170 pounds untrained.

A. A., Allen St., New York City.—Put up a forfeit and issue a challenge.

T. L., Streator, Ill.—Thanks. Will attend to the portrait and publish it.

A. D., Baltimore.—We can supply you with all kinds of sporting goods.

B. M., South St., Terre Haute, Ind.—It was a misdeal, and the deal passes.

T. A., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Duncan C. Ross. 2. Yankee Barton. 3. No.

D. W., Ulysses.—1. Yes. 2. Mike Scully has figured in numerous contests.

W. E. L., Boston.—Yes; we can supply you with the book if you send 25 cents.

C. A. O'N., —. Yes. Send for "The Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules."

H. M. B., Springfield, Mass.—We have not Col. J. H. McLaughlin's address.

M. O'D., Anacosta, Md.—Jack Dempsey was born in the County Kildare, Ireland.

C. J., Elko, Nev.—1. We have published the information several times. 2. Yes, by default.

CONSTANT READER, Minocqua, Pa.—He wins \$5 and receives it besides his own money back.

M. J. S., Coboes, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Sixes. 3. Sam Collyer and Billy Edwards fought three times.

M. T. D., Erie, Pa.—Sullivan and Kilrain are to battle for \$20,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt.

J. F. McGRATH.—If you could send any one to this office at 11 A. M. and again at 4 P. M. you may do better.

PRINTER, Quincy, Ill.—Jonathan Smith and Australian Kelly fought the longest battle on record in Australia.

J. K., Wallula, Mont.—We are unable to give you the information. Write to J. I. Case, the owner of Jay-Eye-See.

J. H. M., Westport, Dak.—1. Jake Kilrain holds that title. 2. He won the championship by default. 3. No. 4. Yes.

W. R. D., Bloomington, Ind.—If you want to arrange a match, put up a forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE and challenge Beck.

J. K. J., Chicago.—Procure a ten-pound bag. Early in the morning—after breakfast—is the best time to exercise with it.

G. A. K., Washington, D. C.—We do not know any one who deals in old coins. Advertise for them in the POLICE GAZETTE.

H. E. MCC., Holyoke, Mass.—We have no by-laws for athletic clubs. Apply to some club for their rules and copy from them.

J. R., New York City.—Lang was credited with running a mile, down hill, at Newmarket, England, in 4 minutes 2 seconds.

H. L., Baltimore, Md.—If the party you refer to is the great skater you claim, why not match him or enter him in some race?

W. S. C., Armstrong, Dak.—All bets on the result of the battle between Billy Myers and Jack McAuliffe follow the main stakes.

A. B. B., Westfield, Mass.—Dempsey weighed 147 pounds and his opponent 120 pounds in the fight in question, according to reports of the affair.

F. C. H., Rouse Camp, Col.—The light-weight class run up to 133 pounds; middle-weights, from 133 to 154 pounds. Over the latter are heavy-weights.

J. E. R., Molineaux, Ia.—We have answered your question several times. Jake Kilrain is the champion of the world, and he holds the belt which represents that title.

M. M. H., Glendive, Mont.—1. Turn face down before him, and keep it there until the pot is won; then show both openers. 2. Certainly it is a jack pot, if all but the opener passes and the latter wins it.

F. G., Fillmore, Ga.—1. About six months. 2. Jim Smith. 3. The stakes posted in the Kilrain and Sullivan match is \$5,000 a side, and \$10,000 a side—is yet to be posted. 4. It is impossible to decide that question until July 8.

D. A. E., Gatesville, Tex.—1. Yes. 2. John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain are to fight for \$10,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which represents the championship of the world, on July 8, 1890, near New Orleans, La.

C. G. S., New York City.—1. A letter addressed to this office will reach Jack McAuliffe. 2. Yes. 3. Several clubs meet there. 4. What do you mean? According to London prize ring rules or Queensberry rules? 5. Yes; you will find the information in this issue. 6. Yes. 7. Evan Lewis.

T. K., Boston.—There are regular rules governing prize ring championships, more especially belts. Havlin held the trophy and lost it, Warren defeating him in a contest upon which the belt was dependent. Ed McEvoy, of Boston, posted \$250 for Ike Weir, and the latter challenged Warren to battle for the belt.

The latter's failure to accept the challenge of Weir, which was a bona fide one, made Warren forfeit all claim to the trophy. A champion belt is not a plaything. It is an emblem of the championship, and only men who are champions, and ready to defend it according to the rules, should possess it. Havlin's course would be to await the result of the Murphy and Weir battle and challenge the winner.

D. J. S., Harrisburg.—Jem Hayes, of Marylebone, alias "Darby," is in his 28th year, stands 5 feet 7 1/2 inches in height, weight, 145 pounds. Although known as a determined fighter in the old style he has had but very little experience in the glove business, the only time he appeared in a match with the mufflers being an off-hand one, when he met Felix Scott, a colored boxer, at Liverpool in the latter part of 1887. He had scarcely attained his majority, however, when he gave tokens of possessing milling powers above the average, his first cus-

tom being Mike Constantine, a boxer of some repute in his own neighborhood. The pair fought for a small stake, and Hayes won by disposing of his man in three short rounds. Bill Thorne was his next opponent, but he made no better show against Darby than Constantine did, and was also beaten in three rounds. He then laid idle for some time, and very little was heard of him until he was matched with Jim Barry. The pair it will be recollected, met at Six-mile Bottom, near Newmarket in 1888. After the men had been engaged for 21 minutes the police made their appearance, and put a stop to the proceedings. The fight, while it lasted, was one of the most desperate on record, and terminated in a draw. After this Hayes challenged any man in the world at 10 stone for £100 a side, and a fever a side was staked for another match with Barry, but the latter forfeited. In January, 1887, Hayes met Johnny Robinson, of South Shields, for £50 a side, near Sunderland, but after fighting 6 rounds of a determined character hostilities were brought to a conclusion through the interference of the police, so a draw was again the result. Hayes' last battle was on May 18, last year, when he met Alec Roberts for £100 a side at Rainham (Kent), when, after a most determined battle of 64 rounds, which lasted 1 hour and 47 minutes, Roberts was declared the winner. He fought a draw with Ted Pritchard, Feb. 20, London, Eng., 4 rounds; ring broken in when Hayes was evidently beaten.

BASEBALL NOTES.

The amateurs are beginning to stir their stumps, and from the style in which they are going at the preliminary arrangements a most interesting season may be looked for.

Heretofore there have been quite a number of first-class amateur clubs in the field, but as a rule they have not staid together until the end of the season. The stronger clubs have left the weaker ones so far in the shade that they would become discouraged and drop out one by one, until there would be very little left of the leagues.

This year things will be different in the amateur leagues, as there are only four clubs in, and each of them are going in to stay. As near as can be estimated, they are most admirably equalized in playing strength, and some highly interesting games may be expected.

There are hundreds of other amateur and junior clubs in the vicinity of New York which will enter the field this year. The question of grounds for the New York club to play upon this season has not yet been settled, but it is the general belief that they will be able to carry their point, and play one more season upon the famous Polo Ground.

Wires are being pulled in every direction, and from the fine progress that is being made it is safe to predict that they will play there again this season.

New York city is badly in need of just such a place for open air amusement as the Polo Ground, and why there should be so much anxiety shown toward cutting 111th street through the grounds is a question that is passing many thousands of people.

It will only be about three weeks until the tale is told, for the baseball season will open in this city during the latter part of the present month.

That there is a growing interest in baseball there is not the shadow of a doubt. Each season it takes a firmer hold on the minds of the public, and those who first went to see a game through idle curiosity now find themselves so completely infatuated with the sport that they rarely ever miss a game.

Baseball is a manly sport, and it is just as much admired by the ladies as it is by the gentlemen. There is nothing rude or vulgar about the game, and therefore it is a pastime that the most cultured as well as the poorer classes can go out to see without the least fear of meeting with anything that is distasteful.

The game has been brought down almost to a science compared with what it was a few years ago, when it was only played by business men as a matter of recreation.

Now it is a profession, and one that there is more money made at than any other branch of sport known on the face of the globe.

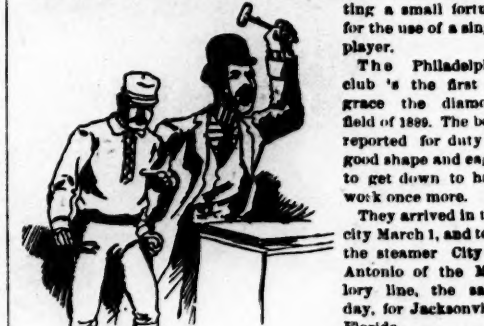
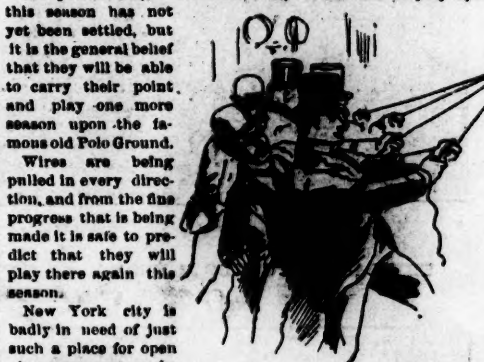
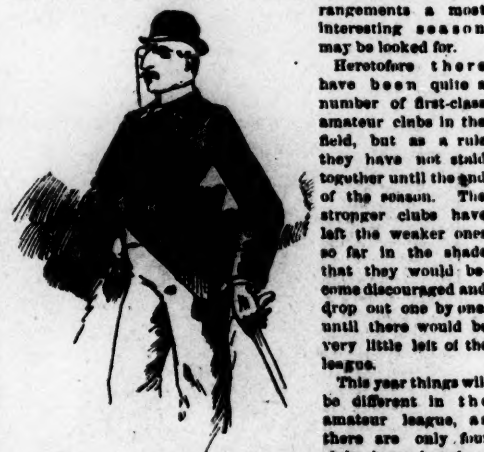
A few years ago the public would have been dumfounded at the bare suggestion of a club selling one of its players to another club, but now it has become such a common occurrence that they are not even startled at the thought of ten and twelve thousand dollars being paid for a player, which by no means includes his salary, which in many cases is \$5,000 more, aggregating a small fortune for the use of a single player.

The Philadelphia club is the first to grace the diamond field of 1890. The boys reported for duty in good shape and eager to get down to hard work once more.

They arrived in this city March 1, and took the steamer City of Antonio of the Mallory line, the same day for Jacksonville, Florida.

They will spend the greater portion of the month playing exhibition games in the various Southern cities, and will return here about the first of April, in time for the spring exhibition season.

If there is no newdealer in your town that sells the POLICE GAZETTE, send \$1 to this office and the paper will be sent to you for 13 weeks.





JAMES M. LANE,
THE PICKAWAY COUNTY, OHIO, DEFAULTING TREASURER, NEARLY
FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS SHORT IN HIS ACCOUNTS.



VIRGIL JACKSON,
THE CONDEMNED MURDERER OF NORTON METCALF, TO BE HUNG
MARCH FOURTEENTH AT UTICA, N. Y.



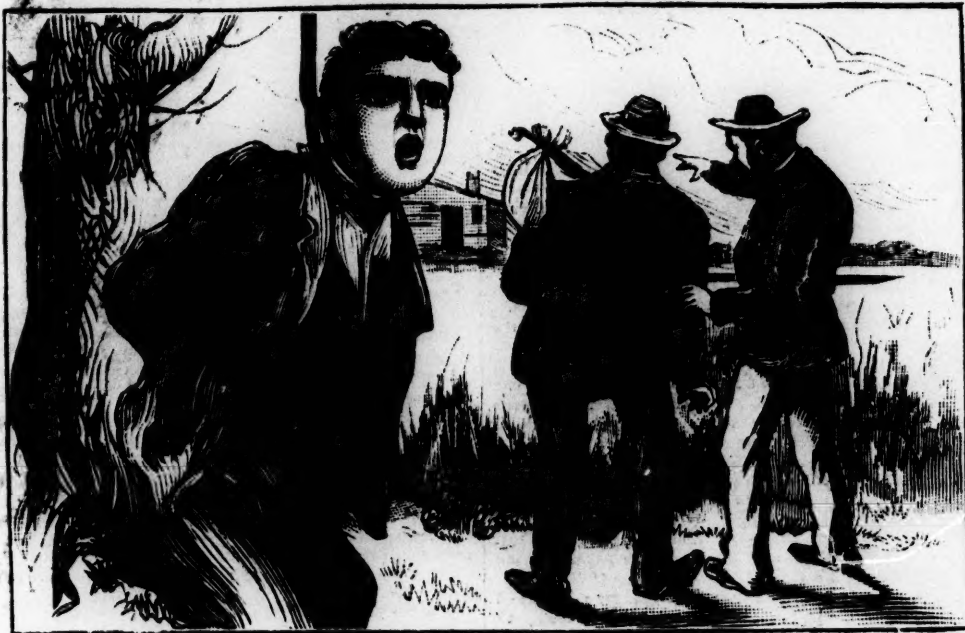
GEORGE DUNNAWAY,
THE FIENDISH MURDERER, FOR WHOM A LARGE REWARD IS
OFFERED AT MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE.



THEY PARADED, TOO.
THE BAND OF COWBOYS FROM DODGE CITY, KAN., THAT TOOK PART IN THE PRO-
CESSION AT WASHINGTON, INAUGURAL DAY.



SUICIDED BEFORE HER BABES.
FRIGHTFUL DEED COMMITTED BY THE INVALID WIFE OF SUPERINTENDENT WIL-
COX OF THE NEW JERSEY PRINT WORKS AT BLOOMFIELD, N. J.



HUNG BY TRAMPS.
ALLEGED FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE OF BURT CHAPMAN, A YOUTH, WITH TWO VA-
GRANTS, NEAR NAUGATUCK, CONN., AND HIS NARROW ESCAPE.



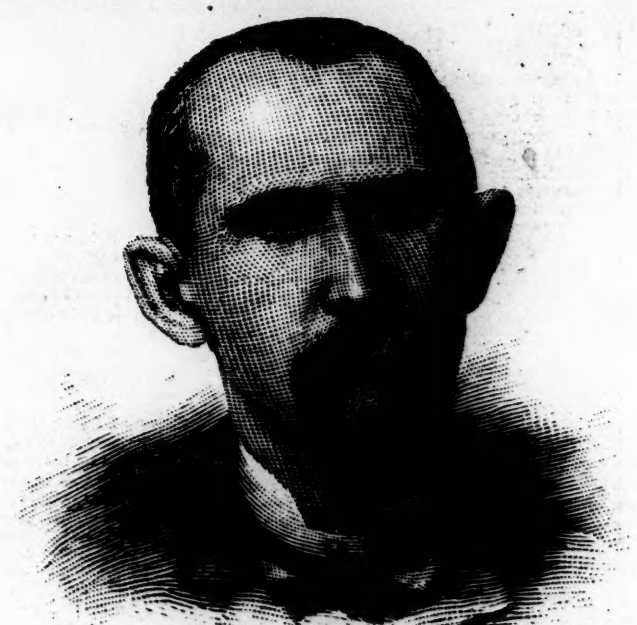
FRISKY HARVARD BOYS.
THEY CREATE A FRACAS IN A HORSE CAR AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, AND AN
OLD ORANGE WOMAN TAKES PART IN IT.



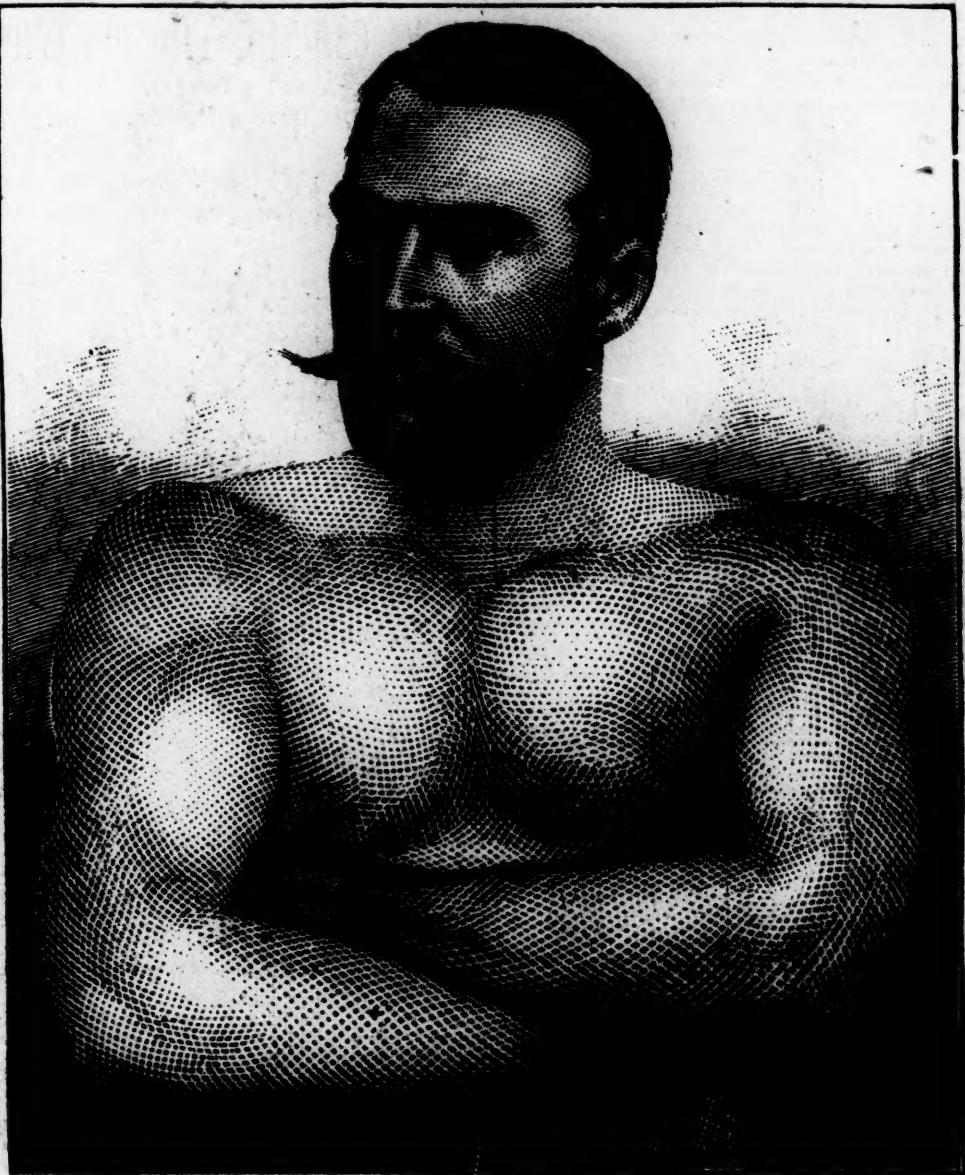
JAMES G. McMURRAY,
OF NEW YORK CITY, PRESIDENT OF THE NEWSDRIVERS' AND BOOK-
SELLERS' NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.



A. C. DERRY,
A POPULAR NEWSDRIVER OF ERIE, PA., ONE OF THE MOST ENTER-
PRISING MEN IN HIS LINE.



J. H. FACKLER,
MANAGER OF HARMAN'S DETECTIVE AGENCY, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.,
AN ENERGETIC AND SHREWD DETECTIVE.



J. S. MITCHELL,
CHAMPION AMATEUR HAMMER AND WEIGHT THROWER.



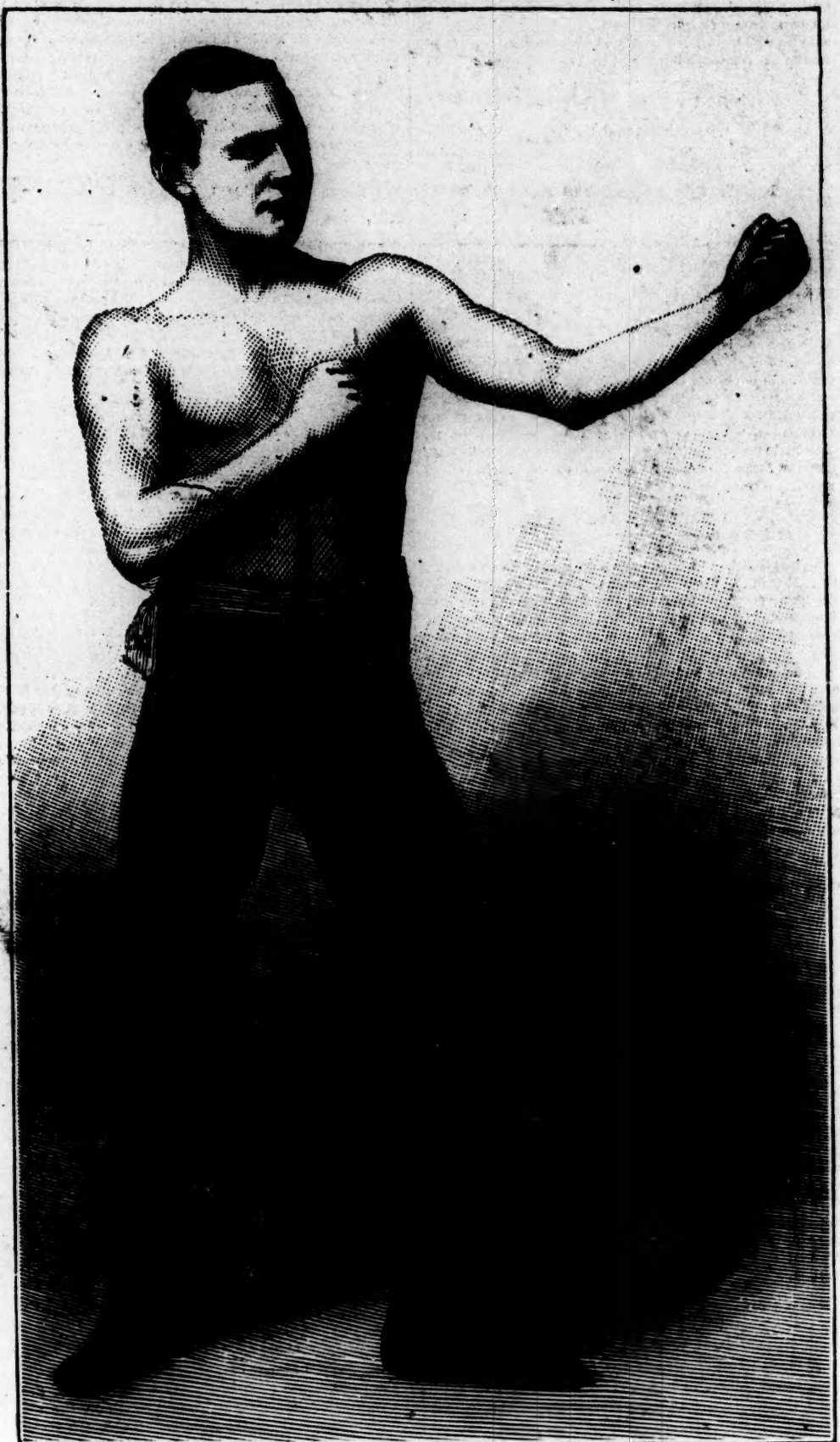
GUS LAMBERT.
CHAMPION ALL-ROUND HEAVY-WEIGHT OF CANADA.



JOHN L. SAID, "PUNCH HIM, MIKE."
JACK HAYES AND JACK BARNETT GIVE BOSTON'S PRIDE A LESSON IN THE MANLY
ART ON SIXTH AVENUE, THIS CITY.



"SLOP HOUSE,"
CHICAGO'S FAMOUS FIGHTING DOG WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN WHIPPED.



MIKE CUSHING,
OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., THE 126-POUND CHAMPION PUGILIST OF AMERICA.



THEY INDULGE IN KISSING GAMES.
HOW THREE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN SCHOOL TEACHERS EMPLOYED AS PROP. TICE'S ASSISTANTS AT LAWRENCE,
L. I. ROUSED THE IRE OF THE PURITANICAL CITIZENS.



KRULISCH'S FATAL AXE.
THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF DRUG CLERK GUNTHER WECHSUNG AT 937 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.